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—♦—
JOHN RICHARD GREEN.*

The publication of John Richard Green's letters after nearly twenty years does not come too late to awaken the recollection of his remarkable personality. The writer of the "Short History of the English People" had a considerable influence in directing and educating the thought of the English people during the last quarter of the nineteenth century; and though modern memories are short, and even the work of history is often only less ephemeral than the monthly or weekly article on the subject, the "Short History" sells by thousands yearly, and is not likely to be superseded soon. And in Green's case, when we take into account the facts of the writer's struggle in the race with the short time allotted to him for giving his knowledge to the world, the book has been the man, as the saying goes, and the man the book, in a special manner, the one helping us to know the other. Now, the portrait drawn by Mr. Stephen in the inter-chapters published with the letters,

presents him vividly before our minds. The letters are accompanied by an interesting comment on the literary and religious history of the day; and it is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Stephen has done both portrait and comment as well as it was possible to do them.

Johnny Green—the familiar name is an indication of the man; we could not "frame to pronounce" "Ned Freeman" or "Will Stubbs"—is one of those letter-writers who wrote without any thought of personal dignity or historical pose. He wrote as a friend to friends, a comrade to comrades. The letters are written from day to day, with no thought of a possible public, no reserve, no modelling of style, no self-consciousness; they contain jokes, puns, trivialities, even bits of childishness and immature taste. But as they have been given us by Mr. Stephen they are a truthful picture of the whole man; and we believe no one will read them without feeling admiration for the genius

* 1. "Letters of John Richard Green." Edited by Leslie Stephen. London: Macmillan & Co. 1901.

2. "A Short History of the English People." London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

3. "History of the English People." 4 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877-80.

4. "The Making of England." London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

5. "The Conquest of England." London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

6. "Stray Studies from England and Italy." London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

7. "Studies in Oxford History." By the Rev. John R. Green, M. A. and the Rev. Geo. Roberson, M. A. Oxford: 1901.

and affection for the character of the writer. Green, as we see him here, was a warm and constant friend, a lover of men and women, a philanthropist and socialist, a devout Christian, besides being a scholar and a man of genius. His letters may not be so rich and individual as Edward Fitzgerald's, nor so witty and delicious as Charles Lamb's, nor so universal as Byron's; as letters, they take a second rank, but as a personal portraiture they satisfy all ideals. His talk must have been like these letters; vivid (Tennyson's epithet), tender, audacious, paradoxical, combative, playing with high subjects without bringing them down to a lower level, and as versatile as serious: just what we should expect from a man who was as alive with humor as he was convinced of the grave reality of life. Green was not a genius of the first order; but in all that he said and wrote is the *quality* of genius, which differs, as he knew, from the quality of talent or of ability.¹ Peel was a man of ability, Pitt a man of talent, Gladstone and Disraeli men of genius: what differences these words denote! The quality of genius may be discerned in men so different from each other in nature and scale as Scott, Leigh Hunt, Stevenson, and Thackeray; there is something which separates them from other men; and though this quality tempers Green's clay in a different proportion from that of Byron, it marks him off no less from other men, even from men whom he revered as his superiors, such as Stubbs and Freeman. Froude, whom he detested, and Kingsley, whom he undervalued, had it too.

It was a misfortune to Green that, being the son of a robe-maker at Oxford and connected with the tradespeople in the town, he was brought up,

first at Magdalen School, and then at a college which suited him so ill as Jesus. It made him feel his plebeian origin, and set up in him an antagonism to his surroundings. He would have been better off at Balliol, as regards his University life, or better still at Cambridge, where he would have had a clear start, and would not have been teased with self-consciousness, the bane of sensitive natures. He loved Oxford as a town, not as a University. He rebelled against University methods, and would not read for honors; he felt himself unappreciated and despised; and though he rose above such feelings, they stunted him and inclined him to misanthropy. He wrote to Dean Stanley in 1863:—

I came up to Oxford a hard reader and a passionate High Churchman. Two years of residence left me idle and irreligious. Partly from ill health, partly from disgust at my college, I had cut myself off from society within or without it. I rebelled doggedly against the system around me. I would not work, because work was the Oxford virtue. I tore myself from history, which I loved, and plunged into the trifles of archaeology, because they had no place in the University course. (P. 17.)

The "Sermon on Work" which he found in Stanley's lectures converted him—*mutatus Polemo*. "I took up my old boy-dreams—history—I think I have been a steady worker ever since."

He did not, however, forgive his college, in which he found but one like-minded friend, Boyd Dawkins, the sharer of his most intimate thoughts: he found friendship and appreciation outside its walls, and was saved from bitterness by Freeman, Boyd Dawkins, Bryce, and Stubbs, who revealed to him his large capacity for friendship.

¹ "You defined 'genius' when here as a peculiar aptitude for a certain branch of study. Pardon me, that is talent. Genius is a much higher

thing: the power of bending circumstances to our will. . . . Suppose we go in then for genius, not talent?" (P. 113.)

When his choice of a profession brought him into contact with the realities of squalid life, when he had to do with drink, penury, prostitution, and crime, he became a lover of his kind and learnt the meaning of the Christian life. He felt with his earliest years that history was his final vocation, but turned from books to life; and the heroism which was a characteristic element in his nature was developed by the dull drudgery of everyday duty in a London parish, which taught him the *nil alienum* of humanity.

Here, too, the love of family life and the society of friends, which his domestic circumstances at Oxford had not done enough to develop, found its opportunity in the welcome given him by the family of Mr. Ward, his vicar, and the Von Glehns, at Sydenham. How much his life was cheered and encouraged and his intellectual sympathies answered by the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, their son Humphrey and his wife, Mrs. Creighton and her sister, Miss von Glehn, and the friends he met at their houses, the correspondence gives abundant and happy evidence. Henceforward he was "rich in friends," as those only can be who know the value of such riches. Busy as his life always was, parish duty and historical study did not make him forgetful of the large public questions of the day. Among these, as we have seen, social problems occupied much of his thoughts; but he also took an active interest, though no very active part, in politics generally. He was an insatiable reader of newspapers. He uttered his first warning note against war in some rather impatient verses written against the Volunteer movement. He was "German to the core" in the war of 1870, but thought the claim to Alsace "revolting"; on which subject he wrote to Freeman (with astonishing freedom), "The truth is, you care a good deal for freedom in the past, but

in the present you hate France more than you love liberty." Bismarck and himself, he said, were the only pro-Germans who wished to leave Alsace alone.

In 1868 he writes eagerly about the General Election of that year. In 1876 he joined the "Eastern Question Association," founded "to oppose the warlike tendencies of the Conservative Ministry." "He was the first Home Ruler I ever saw," says Mr. Bryce; sympathizing warmly with the sentiment of Irish nationality. "A nation is something real, which can be neither made nor destroyed."

It is an insoluble question whether the world loses or gains more by the diversion of such writers as Stubbs, Lightfoot, and Creighton from the path of history into the absorbing duties of a bishopric. Gardiner would not be even a professor, nor Erasmus a cardinal; and Gibbon and Macaulay preferred learned leisure—that is to say, ceaseless labor—to the prizes of a political life. One would be tempted to think Green, too, thrown away on the details of parochial life; but there is no reason to believe that Green himself thought so. He plunged into parish life with the eagerness which distinguished everything he did, "doing it with his might." He never was tempted to think himself too good for his work. The schools and the house-to-house visiting interested him, it may be, more than the Sunday work, but all the parish organization was valuable in his eyes. He looked upon a parish as a piece of English life with a unity and life of its own, and, though he complained that the parson could never get to the real life of the poor—"their life is not his life, nor their ways his ways" (p. 68)—he gave them the best of his time and care, and nearly all the 300*l.* a year which his living was worth. Above all, he was always happy with the children.

They laugh with me, romp with me, steal my watch, run away with my six-pences, absorb my time, tyrannize over all my old bachelor habits, bid me "put down my book," and it is put down; "talk," and I abandon my loved silences; "play," and I play. . . . And out of all this comes a happy, most happy, Christmas. (P. 116.)

Mr. Stephen quotes the following from a review of Edward Denison's letters:—

A vicar's Monday morning is never the pleasantest of awakenings, but the Monday morning of an East end vicar brings worries that far eclipse the mere headache and dyspepsia of his rural brother. It is the "parish morning." All the complicated machinery of a great ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational organization has got to be wound up afresh, and set going for another week. The superintendent of the Women's Mission is waiting with a bundle of accounts, complicated as only ladies' accounts can be. The church warden has come with a face full of gloom to consult on the falling-off of the offertory. . . . The organist drops in to report something wrong with the pedals. . . . The nurse brings her sick-list and her little bill for the sick-kitchen. . . . There is the interest on the penny bank to be calculated, a squabble in the choir to be adjusted, a district visitor to be replaced, reports to be drawn up for the Bishop's Fund and a great charitable society, the curates' sick-list to be inspected, and a preacher to be found for the next church festival. (P. 57.)

This is one side of the picture; but when we read that "his preaching and his earnest and reverent reading of the Church Service left a permanent impression upon many hearers" (p. 58), and that he filled the empty church of St. Philip's, Stepney, with a congregation of eight hundred; that he anticipated in his own sphere of action the

principles soon afterwards accepted by the Charity Organization Society (p. 58), and worked hand-in-hand with Edward Denison in carrying them out; that he set up a literary society in his parish, and gave much pains to annotating and rewriting the essays of working men; that he found "the most polished gentleman here in the pork-butcher's shop, and the most learned scholar" in the parish clerk; that he was beloved by children and young people—it is impossible to wish that his life had been spent between the Bodleian and his college rooms. He would have written more history, but his moral nature might have been starved. He himself says:—

Something, which I know I must resist like grim death, is constantly bidding me isolate myself among my books, and leave the world to drift as it will. (P. 153.)

"His labors in the East-end," says the Editor,

as he often himself remarked, had an important bearing upon his literary work. His sympathies with human beings were strengthened; and the history might have been written in a very different tone had the writer passed his days in academical seclusion. His interest in the welfare of the masses, and his conviction that due importance should be given to their social condition, determined a very important peculiarity of the work. (P. 59.)

No part of Green's life is more admirable than his clerical work in London. Besides the ordinary duty of a London clergyman, which gave him scant time for work at the British Museum, work not only congenial and desirable, but necessary for the "Saturday Review" articles by which he made his living, he set going or supported various schemes for clerical union, a Clerical Liberal Association, an organ for Liberal religious opinions, and a

* See "A Brother of the Poor" in "Stray Studies," p. 11.

Curates' Clerical Club ("C.C.C."), at the meetings of which Maurice, Stanley, and other leaders "occasionally looked in" (p. 70). But his character came out most finely in an outbreak of cholera at Stepney in 1866. "Within an hour of the first seizure in his parish, Green himself," says Mr. Gell, "met the dying patients in the London Hospital, and thenceforward, while the plague lasted, Green, like other clergy in the parishes attacked, worked day and night amidst the panic-stricken people, as officer of health, inspector of nuisances, ambulance superintendent" (p. 55), chafing the limbs of the dying with his own hands, helping to carry the sick into hospital and remove the dead from infected houses; and by cheerfulness and persuasion encouraging the living to live, never sparing himself for all his weak health, and "showing no alarm except for his friends."

Such was his clerical career. Without it his life might have been longer, and his contribution to English history would have been more bulky, perhaps not more valuable. We return to make a few remarks on the other side of his clerical career—his position as a Liberal clergyman.

If Green had been born a few years earlier, he would probably have remained contentedly in the ministry of the Church of England; if he had been born a few years later, he would not have taken Orders. The moment on which he lighted was the parting of the ways. He was ordained deacon in 1860, and worked as a clergyman till 1869, when growing doubts of his fitness to officiate in a dogmatic Church caused him to accept the post of Librarian at Lambeth, offered to him by his friend Archbishop Tait. If we look back five years before the earlier of these dates, we find that in 1855 Lewes's "Life of Goethe," Robertson's "Sermons," and Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" were published, in 1857 ap-

peared Buckle's "History of Civilization," in 1859 Darwin's "Origin of Species," in 1860 "Essays and Reviews," in 1862 Colenso's "Pentateuch" and "Joshua" and Spencer's "First Principles," in 1863 Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature," Renan's "Vie de Jésus," and Stanley's "Jewish Church," in 1864 Newman's "Apologia" and Strauss's "New Life of Jesus," in 1865 Lecky's "History of Rationalism," in 1869 Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy." The air was full of polemical and provocative literature. No intelligent young man could go through Oxford or Cambridge without being affected by the spirit of inquiry, unless he joined one of the two obscurantist camps. No candidate for Orders could escape the new methods of interpretation, nor could any clergyman who read the papers and the current books and magazines fail to be aware that a change was coming over the Church, even if he thought that it would pass away. Uncertainty about the future, a generous sympathy with the clergy who were molested for unorthodox utterances, an honorable, if too scrupulous, respect for the meaning of pledges and subscriptions, kept many of the keenest minds out of the ministry. Young Oxford was more defiant than young Cambridge; but a flood of unbelief burst on both Universities, and hardly now are the tops of the mountains seen. It was a bad time for taking Orders, and a difficult time for those who had taken Orders and now found themselves in sympathy with the Liberal movement in theology.

According to his own account (p. 21), he took Orders in "a fit of religious enthusiasm." "The fit," says Mr. Stephen, "seems to have been very genuine and lasting."

There were, however, difficulties to be met at the outset. He was no longer a High Churchman. He had steeped himself in geology and Darwinism.

"Smash Darwin! Smash the Pyramids!" he exclaimed, on the occasion of the famous encounter between Huxley and Wilberforce, in which the Bishop got the worst of the argument, but the bad manners were about equally divided between the combatants. Just before his ordination he reads "Goethe and Schiller, instead of Paley and Pearson—I know from which one learns the *truest* theology." Indeed, he refused to read the "Evidences" and Pearson "On the Creed," and his substitution of "Horne Pauline" for the former, at Stanley's suggestion, was not accepted by Tait. "Oh, Stanley, Stanley!" cried the Bishop, and sent Green back (p. 23).

It must have been clear to himself as well as to others that he was not going to be an orthodox clergyman. He was ostensibly an Evangelical—that is to say, he was the curate of an Evangelical vicar; but in fact he belonged neither to High Church nor Low Church, and felt isolated.

Highs and Lows have their gatherings, their conferences; know one another, comfort one another, strengthen one another. But the Liberal must eat the bread of solitude! He has no gathering, no Margaret Street, no Exeter Hall. There may be, must be, other heretics in the world, but he does not know them, and he has no means of knowing them. (P. 70.)

He writes to Boyd Dawkins, five months after taking Deacon's Orders:—

Pardon my little sermon, dear Dax, it is preached rather to myself than to you. It is really preached at my anxieties about the future of my opinions—church-theories and the like. Where am I drifting to? Will not the stone fall some day on me? These are the questions which will rise up. To work fearlessly, to follow earnestly after Truth, to rest with a childlike confidence in God's guidance, to leave one's

lot willingly and heartily to Him—this is my sermon to myself. . . . While we remain mere ministers of the Church of England we must be afraid of our neighbor's ill-will, of accusations of atheism, of "ignorant bishops"; but once become a minister of the Church Eternal, and the cry of controversy falls unheeded on ears that are deaf to all but the Heavenly harpings around the Throne. Of course this is what people are ready to sneer at—mysticism. But in the union of Mysticism with freedom of thought and inquiry will, I am persuaded, be found the faith of the future. (Pp. 77-80.)

And again, a year later (November 4, 1862):—

I see storms ahead. The rumors of Maurice's rejection of clerical preference have set me thinking—thinking. There are clearly two errors to be avoided. (1) Remaining in a ministry without holding the prescribed doctrines of that ministry. (2) The opposite one of exaggerating one's own variance of opinion from the prescribed formularies. And there are two great principles to be kept in mind. (1) To remain in the ministry of the Church of England so long as by doing so one is helping to broaden its sphere of thought. (2) To quit it the moment continuance within it tends to narrow one's own.

And a year later still:—

I see no limit to this progress in "religion." It is in the very idea of progress that my faith, my deep and intense faith, in Christianity, rests. Like you I see other religions. . . doing their part in the education of the human race. And I see the race advancing beyond the faiths that instructed it, so that at each great advance of human thought a religion falls dead and vanishes away. And I judge that this must ever be a condition of human progress, except some religion appear which can move forward with the progress of man. . . There comes a religion which does this. Take your Gibbon and test

what I say. The fresh sons of the Germanic forests break in upon effete Rome—and all perishes of Rome save this. Christianity assumes new forms and a new life, and moulds this chaos into the world of the Middle Ages. . . . And then the Middle Ages vanish away, and the World of our day emerges from the Reformation, and Christianity takes new forms and infuses a new life into the new phase of humanity. . . . And now human thought makes each hour advances such as it has never made before; and Christianity, spiritualized and purified by the wider demands made upon it, is ready to meet and satisfy them all. . . . The Sermon on the Mount is a succession of "impossible precepts." They are all summed up in a precept still more impossible: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." And so it must ever keep ahead of man. If there be any truth in our veriest instincts God must ever be beyond us, beyond our power, our knowledge, our virtue. (P. 118.)

He writes to Freeman in 1866:—

. . . My view of the Creeds is this. I am definitely asserting my belief, i.e. trust, faith in a Living Being. I go on to repeat certain historic statements about him which may (or may not) be affected by critical research, which are subjects of intellectual credence and not of religious faith. I repeat them—as I repeat phrases in the prayers—as I read publicly legends from the Bible—as I repeat damnable psalms; that is, I take them as parts of old formularies whose literal accuracy may pass away, or whose tone may now jar against the Christian consciousness, but which have still an ideal truth, embody a great doctrine, continue the train of Christian tradition. Thought will be always altering—we cannot be always altering our formularies—and so (if we are to retain formularies at all) there will always be a break and dissonance between the two. But men take things in the rough. (P. 164.)

After the judgment in the case of

"Essays and Reviews" in 1864, he writes:—

The sum of all the decisions is . . . this—that there remains now in the Church of England's formularies nothing to restrain freedom of thought. Of course different people will view this discovery in very different ways; very few probably but will feel dismay at an experiment which no Church has tried before, that of teaching without any authoritative standard of doctrine—or rather with standards, but such as do not fix or determine the questions of the present or of the future.

If I do not share these fears, if I exult at the destiny which God has given to the Church which I love—it is simply because I believe in the Inspiration of the Church, in its guidance by the Spirit of God.

He goes on to say that he looks for this guidance

not surely in the decision of Churches, for they vary, . . . but in the general voice of the Church, the public opinion of Christendom. . . . That these "voices of the Church" do not point in a doctrinal direction, but in directions moral, social, political, intellectual, is a fact well worth noting. . . . The history of the Church is the record of its education by the Spirit of God.

His thought, put shortly, is this: the clergy are not the Church; clerical dogmatism is as obsolete as clerical domination; the clergy must follow Christian public opinion, not try to force it, and not be afraid of science, or history, or criticism. A new Reformation was beginning, and the Church of England should be on the side of the reforming agencies. This was the church of his dreams: who can say whether it is nearer in view now than forty years ago? At any rate the Church of England has not yet set her face against the new Reformation.

We have no detailed record of the doubts and difficulties which led to Green's giving up his parish. His posi-

tion was that of complete agreement with the "extreme left wing," the advanced neologians, and at the same time of sympathy with the Established Church, the Church of English history. He had no taste for polemics, theological or historical, and never engaged in controversy, whether from love of peace or conviction of its uselessness, certainly not from lack of pugnacity or courage. He did not wish to give up parish work, though it became clearer every year that his health was breaking under the strain, and his conscience did not call upon him to "come out."

I have a great wish (he writes to Edward Denison in January, 1869) not to part cable altogether; the hold the Church has over me, however slight, is a really healthy hold to a mind like mine. Moreover, I have still a great faith in the capacity of "*Ecclesia Anglicana*" to meet the *national* requirements of England in a way that no sectional action can do.

This letter, written within three months of giving up his parish, shows that he still thought his position tenable; but it is probable that desire for leisure in which he could make use of his stores of historical learning may have combined with failing health to make the change welcome. He was never a denier or a detractor, and the national Church and the Christian religion were dear to him to the end of his life.

At the same time (we quote Mr. Stephen, p. 71),

he was keenly alive to the danger of being tempted by his position into insincerity. His genuine affection for the Church, as well as his main material interests, might betray him in that direction. He resolved that if he should be at any time unable to use the words of the Litany—"Christ, have mercy upon us"—with perfect sincerity, he would abandon the clerical character. When the time came he acted upon his resolution.

Green's retirement from clerical life to the Library at Lambeth took place without any violent rendings or uprootings, but rather as a natural change, not wished for by him, but also not regretted.

He writes to Professor Boyd Dawkins, April 24, 1869:—

My dear Dax, . . . I hardly know myself as yet whether I am on my head or my heels. It is so odd to be without a parish, without a parsonage, without a hundred bothers, interruptions, quarrels, questions to decide, engagements to recollect, lectures to compose, visits to make, sermons to plan, &c., &c. Then, too, the quiet of the Lambeth Library is like still waters after the noise of the East. I enjoy even the cleaner streets, and above all my morning's trot through the parks. It is such a change, too, to get a chat when one likes, to be able to get a peep at good pictures, and to have one's mind free for the things one cares about.

For the remainder of his short life Green was a historian and nothing else; fighting with indomitable courage and persistency against pain and weakness, and never ceasing to work till within a few weeks of his death, when he could no longer hold a pen and could hardly dictate.

His literary ambition always took a wide range. Before he left Oxford he had contemplated a history of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Then he was to be the historian, not of the Church, but of England. (P. 103.) Next he would write, in company with his friend Boyd Dawkins, a history of Somersetshire. Then it was to be England under the Angevin kings. The occasion of his beginning the book which was to begin and end his fame, the "*Short History*," was a visit to Sir Andrew Clark, whose account of his state of health was so serious that Green "resolved to set down a few notions which he had conceived con-

cerning history, which might serve as an introduction to better things if he lived, and might stand for some work done if he did not."³

Sir Andrew Clark's verdict was, in fact, a sentence of death. Though Green lived thirteen years after it, they were years in which he could never count upon doing a day's work in a day, when he had to live by rule, avoid all risks, and do his work in pain and weariness, and away from libraries and fellow-workers, in Continental hotels and hired rooms at San Remo and Capri. Though he could not foresee this, he learnt enough of his state of health to know that he must not expect many years of activity. A choice had to be made. The work which stood first in his ambition was a history of the Angevin kings of England and their predecessors the Counts of Anjou. Whilst writing this he hoped to keep himself independent—he had no private fortune—by writing for the "Saturday Review." But when he found how seriously his health was threatened he changed his plan. The Angevin book might have given him a higher standing among historians as an addition to the sum of historical knowledge. But someone else might write it. His own reading and observation, concentrated in certain periods, had extended over the whole field of English history, and gave him a right to generalize, and his consciousness of possessing an attractive style encouraged him to hope that he would find readers among the English people of whom and for whom he wrote.

He proposed to himself to write, in the intervals of illness and with comparatively little help from books, a complete history of England, or rather to rewrite the history of England on a new plan. So audacious a design

alarmed his friends; but he persevered, and his reward was a literary success only to be compared with that of Macaulay's history.

Possibly "short" histories of England, France, Greece, and Rome ought not to be written at all, and it would be better that historians should confine themselves to smaller portions of time, and confess that the day of comprehensive histories is gone by. But, as Professor Stubbs reminded his hearers, "without due scale and proportion the reader" (and how much more the writer!) "of history must be cautious, lest, having begun . . . at the Norman Conquest, we find ourselves stranded at the battle of Waterloo or earlier still."⁴ Green observed due scale and proportion, at the cost, it is true, of more minute study; he counted the cost, and did well in paying it. Literature gains at the expense of research, and we think the sacrifice is worth the cost. He could not have written his book except so, and no one else could have written it.

We are not to suppose that his studies of English history began now. He had been studying it all his life; and, with his clear conceptions of what he knew, and vast stores of historical reading arranged in his mind and preserved by a capacious and accurate memory, he could almost have sat down and dictated without books a history which would have needed nothing but revision. His habit of localizing history, so that the thought of a town or a county would suggest to him its complete history, gave him a double hold upon facts, and lighted them up with the "picturesqueness" at which some would sneer, but which was great part of his power, and perhaps his most individual characteristic. To be picturesque and nothing more was justly

³ Mrs. Green's Introduction to 3rd Edition, p. xviii.

⁴ Lectures on History.

condemned by Stubbs,⁵ but to be both sound and picturesque was a rare power, and one which he put to the best use. Facts are as incoherent as gravel, if they are not bound together by the cement of human interest and the sequence and growth of varying conditions which make them into history. Green never forgot the organic character of history. The fault of his style is a uniformity, sometimes almost a monotony, of picturesqueness; there are not enough *longueurs* to throw the vivid portions into relief, and we sometimes feel a fatigue like that which is experienced in turning over the pages of a picture-book. This is partly owing to the extraordinary fulness and compression of his work. He could not bear to omit what had seemed to him interesting and important in the course of his reading. This may be readily understood by comparing the "Short History" with Goldwin Smith's recent book, which covers the same tract of time, but gives a greater impression of unity, and is read with more ease, because it has more relief and variety, and because the style has more literary ease and owes less to the writer's personality. "Readability," Green tells us, was what he studied in the first place, and he achieved it. But it is easier to read Goldwin Smith through than Green; and the cause is that the one taxes the memory more than the other, and demands concentration of attention as well as nimbleness of apprehension.

Some of his friends who saw the work in progress doubted of its success. They wanted a narrative in chronological sequence. Green saw that real history, as acted in the stage of the world, has a dramatic character. To his mind, the contest between royal and papal authority in England was a chapter in the history of the popes, and the struggle for investitures in other countries

made the position of Henry II. and Becket intelligible; whilst the single combat between these protagonists had an epic and dramatic grandeur. The history of chivalry was not to be understood by a series of tournaments and pageants. It was mixed up with the political and ecclesiastical condition of Europe, with the social condition of the noble and plebeian orders in England, the contest between king and barons, the tenure of land, the interaction of English and Norman law, the contemporary literature. The wars of the Roses were not merely a story of bloody battles and inhuman butcheries: they were the outcome of a series of social and material changes, the recrudescence of private war among a baronage brutalized by the French wars, the abuse of ransoms, the license of great lords setting themselves above a weak central power and surrounding themselves with little armies of retainers, the holding of castles, the stealing of lands, the defiance of justice, the provincial jealousies of North and South among the lords of the Palatine counties, the Marchers, and the great commercial centres; the decay of the clerical order, the conversion of cornland into pasture, and many other social causes which provided a *nidus* in which the rival Houses of York and Lancaster rose and fell; till the destruction of the baronage enabled Edward IV. to grasp all power in his hand and crush the liberties of England, so hardly won by the people, and so loyally respected by the Lancastrian kings. Each act of the drama of English history is conceived in the same spirit; and the titles given to its successive acts, "The Great Charter," "The Hundred Years' War," "The New Monarchy," etc., which may sometimes seem fantastic, denote true if not exhaustive visions of history.

Much was said at the time of the publication about "inaccuracy." According to Mr. Bryce (p. 387), Green

⁵ Lectures.

ranks for accuracy as equal to Macaulay and between Grote and Millman. Ranke and Thirlwall, Gibbon and Carlyle are in a class by themselves. Froude, we suppose, is nowhere, and Freeman, we guess, would top the list. What estimate of the value of accuracy is deducible from this? Accuracy in facts and dates may be of the highest importance, and may be of very little importance. It is comparatively unimportant if it does not interfere with right judgment of proportions, or turn cause into effect. For instance, it matters if a confusion of dates makes us think that Napoleon's march to Austerlitz, consequent on the failure of his invasion of England, was brought about (as many people think) by the battle of Trafalgar, which was fought some months later; it matters little whether the Great Charter was signed on June 15 or July 15, or Austerlitz fought at the end of November or on December 2, though it is odd that Green should not have known two such famous dates. Froude's ignorance of the Latin name of Lisieux, which gave Freeman intense pleasure for twenty years, was of no matter whatever; his misdating of "*Moriae Encomium*," which, according to him, was published before it was conceived, disturbs the relations between Erasmus and More. Suppression or ignorance of prominent facts is a different thing from "inaccuracy" in details, and should not be confounded with it.

Can instances be found where Green's inaccuracy made him ascribe events to wrong causes or mistake characters? If not, the less said about it the better. Bishop Stubbs's verdict on the work as a whole is this: "Like other people, he made mistakes sometimes; but scarcely ever does the correction of his mistakes affect either the essence of the picture or the force of the argument"; and in such matters Stubbs speaks *ex cathedra*.

But when the "Quarterly" accuses him of exaggerating the desolation of the land which the Saxons invaded, and asks what had become of the Roman settlement, and where were the Britons both before and after the invasion, the accusation is serious. Probably Green exaggerated; but where there are no documents knowledge is a balance of conjectures, and there is evidence that the Roman occupation affected little but the towns, that the Roman towns with their organization were much decayed, and that the conquest was carried on much after the manner of the Hebrew conquest of the Holy Land. Many of the Britons, no doubt, survived as serfs, but the organization of the land under Roman rule did not affect the conquerors as it did in the settled communities of Gaul and Germany. Roman law and civilization and Celtic Christianity were as if they had not been.

Again, Green probably overrates the power of the House of Commons in Lancastrian times. The Lords overshadowed them; the Commons came into Parliament at first only to determine with what sauce they should be eaten—i. e., what taxes they should pay, and how, not whether, they should be taxed for the king's pleasure; and the revived power of the obedient Houses of the Tudor period was a different thing from the parliamentarianism of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But Green's presentment of the subject helps to right the balance. Again, his treatment of the Great Rebellion is wrong, if it leads us to think that Pym was merely a restorer of ancient liberties annulled by Edward IV. and Henry VII.—but, for all that, it was a return to a development which would have brought about a similar result to that of 1640 if the baronage had not been destroyed during the Wars of the Roses. A "picturesque" treatment has its dangers, and Green did not always

preserve a judicial temper; he was, as Mr. Bryce confesses, stronger in perception than in judgment; but he was right in the main, and later writers have not upset him.

Mr. Rowley, in "Fraser," fired broadsides into him all along the line, and undoubtedly did him some damage. He showed that Green had ignored or missed one of Alfred's chief battles, Ashdown. He pointed out in several instances that he had a weaker hold of contemporary chronology than of historical sequence—seeing history, as it were, rather down the page than across it, a habit especially dangerous to a writer who discarded a set chronology. He was wrong about Vimiera and Cintra. He quoted poetry from memory and did not verify. He confused Swale in Kent with Swale in Yorkshire, Hugh Latimer with a less-known namesake, one William of Orange with another. An American reviewer finds him imperfectly informed about American affairs, and hints that other specialists might find the same in other fields.

These, and many like them, are serious blemishes, all the more because Green's facts are mostly significant, and are told in relation to the facts, and thus his conclusions are liable to be invalidated by unsound premisses. Most of the mistakes, however, could be, and have been, corrected in later editions. In some cases Green proved himself right by revealing some fact unknown to the critic, on which his conclusion was founded. But the number of inaccuracies in such a work was bound to be large. Little harm is done if the history itself is true. Green's readers may have got from him some unverified theories, and learnt to overvalue some items in the sum of English history, and to undervalue others. Freeman is a safer guide for facts, and Stubbs for theories. But Freeman leaves off in the twelfth century and

Stubbs in the fifteenth, and few readers survive to his third volume. No single history can be a final authority. "Regular" histories, like those of Bright and Gardiner, must be read by the side of Green. The "Short History" was never meant, as the "Quarterly" thought, to supersede all school histories. It is uneven and not wholly impartial; it shows traces of having been written against time. But if the boys and girls of to-day grow up believing that the history of the English before the Conquest is that of our nation, not of some semi-foreign race, that the Norman reigns brought England into the commonwealth of Europe and founded the mediæval Church, that the origins of law, constitution, and administration are to be found in those of the Anglo-Saxons, that the enfranchisement of the laborer was helped forward by the Black Death, that the English long-bow created the yeomanry, that the Reformation was not produced by Henry VIII's matrimonial failures but was a part of a European movement, that the Great Rebellion was not an accidental quarrel between Charles and Cromwell but a necessary stage in national development, that Dissent is at once a blot upon Church history and a step forward in the history of freedom, that the history of Ireland is as much to our shame as that of India is to our credit, no small part of this is the direct result of the popularity of Green's "Short History"; and "grave" historians might have labored in many volumes without effecting so much. The best criticism of the book is given in his own words, "A short book need not be shallow, and a large book need not be big." (P. 249.)

The "Short History" professes to be, and is, a history of the English people. It is a democratic history, and has a liberal bias; it is a secular history, and has an anti-clerical bias; it is a social

and economical history, and has a bias against the "pragmatic" historians, who treat history as if it was made in chancelleries, board-rooms, and the closets of kings and ministers; it is a peace history, and dislikes drum and trumpet, and it puts statesmen and bookmen above soldiers and sailors. But who cares to read a book without a bias, whether its subject be history or philosophy? If such a book exists it was stillborn.

The miracle of the "Short History" is that it was written in five years of distressing illness, when hours given to work had to be weighed against the imperative claims of health; often away from libraries and in the discomfort of exile; and that, notwithstanding these difficulties, the careful revision of it for the "History" published in 1877-1880 left the work, in its general scope and outline, much as it was conceived from the first. It should also be reckoned to Green's credit that he was never satisfied with his writing, and that what reads so freshly was often written and re-written five or six times, nay, even ten times, so careful was he of workmanship.

The love of towns was one of Green's earliest feelings. And the Oxford papers are interesting in this respect, as well as intrinsically, though they fall short of his mature style, and are somewhat sketchy and fragmentary. They reflect his way of thinking and learning, proceeding from known to unknown; and where should he begin better than at home? He belonged to Oxford, both as University man and as townsman, but the town had his sympathy, not his stepmother, the Welsh college. "He was," says Freeman, "a born citizen of Oxford," and he bore a grudge against the University because it swallowed up the liberties of the town and its *bourgeoisie*, to which his own family belonged. He loved to

follow the strife of town and gown, continued through the centuries, to people the familiar streets with mediæval and eighteenth-century figures, to see the well-known buildings rise to meet successive national needs, fortress, minster, convent and college. Archaeology with him always expanded into history. All his history was set in a local frame, and this gives it a charm of its own as well as individuality and thoroughness; for to look at a subject at a different angle from other people raises and urges problems which the follower of an approved method does not always observe. He taught Freeman his method—which, after all, was *interrogare naturam*, and no novelty—and practised it with him in journeys through France and Italy, in visits at Somerleaze, and during the Somersetshire archaeological excursions, in which he took so much pleasure, as he studied new streets and buildings, and turned to his own use the unsifted stores of local antiquaries. He and Freeman played at being West Saxon and Mercian till they almost believed in it. "I was born on the right side of the Thames," cries Green; and Freeman says, "Green would have written different history if he had been born at Abingdon"—though, to be sure, by Green's own showing Oxford was once upon a time in Wessex.

The *genius loci* was to him almost a person, both here and in other towns, for wherever he went the history of a town or a building—Verona, Angers, Notre Dame at Paris—presented itself to his mind as a biography. Each town had its own character, and had been born, grown up, and grown old, with its peculiar loves and hates, friends and enemies; so that he could take some building as his text, and develop from it the whole story of its civic life.

Mr. Bryce tells how he reached the town of Troyes early one morning with his friends. He explored it,

* "British Quarterly Review," July, 1883.

darting hither and thither through the streets, like a dog following a scent. In two hours the work was done. . . . Green brought down to breakfast next morning an article upon Troyes, describing its characteristics and tracing its connection with the Counts of Champagne during some centuries. . . . He gave his friends an equally vivid history of Basel, which they visited the next day, though it was his first sight both of Troyes and of Basel.⁷

And Freeman bursts into rhapsody—

And now, O Johnny, as I have been rambling over endless cities, telling the towers thereof, let me once more thank you for having first taught me to do a town as something having a being of itself, apart from the churches, castles, &c., within it. (P. 215.)

As the town, so the country told its story to him. He first pointed out the importance of waste tracts and forests, such as Elmet and the Andredsweald, in the history of the English invasion. The drying up of the arm of a river, the subsidence of a coast-line were to him not merely geological facts, but part of historical inductions. The "Making of England" is full of such inductions—*conjectura* the Latins called the art—the balance of evidence and the introduction of exterior facts not before observed to be in evidence. Thus, as Owen inferred a bird from a bone, Green inferred from the shape of the county of Oxford, marked out by Roman town limits and ecclesiastical boundaries, *plus* a later earldom out of place, the existence in Alfred's time of a north-of-Thames portion of Wessex; and this led him on to interpret the "seemingly arbitrary line" of delimitation between the Danelagh and the kingdom of Wessex as fixed by the

peace of Wedmore (pp. 221, 429). He told Freeman with gusto how, having always believed ancient Verona to have stood on the left bank of the Adige—a fact forgotten for a thousand years—he had gone there and found the old cathedral with its presbytery and bishop's chair just where he had placed it in his mind. He called it "guessing";⁸ but such guesses as these are intuitions of genius. Guessing is easy; but to guess right is to bring in imagination to the aid of knowledge.

As Gardiner said ("Academy," March 17, 1883), his treatment of facts was different from Freeman's.

Freeman fixes on facts, and gazes at them till he makes them tell their secret and the secret of the men who made them. . . . That which impressed [Green] most in men was that they were alive. . . . the continuous life of the race. . . . Is this consciousness of the presence of a living continuity in the race a small matter? Is it not rather the very result which the modern scientific school of historians are trying to reach? . . . high imaginative treatment.

The succeeding works, the "Making of England" and the "Conquest of England," are large essays, in which geography plays an important part. Perhaps more than any other part of Green's work they bear the impress of his direct study of nature and history, the geology which he learnt with Boyd Dawkins, the local history which Freeman taught him to value at Somerleaze and in many west country excursions with the Somerset society, and the town-lore in which so much of his historical interest was centred, from the time when he first became aware that the town of Oxford had a unity and a development of its own.

⁷ "Macmillan's Magazine," 1883.

⁸ See p. 430 (where he is speaking of "working English, Norman, and papal history side by side"). "With me the impulse to try to connect things, to find out the 'why' of things, is irre-

sistible, and even if I overdo my political guessing you" (E. A. F.) "or some German will punch my head, and put things rightly and unintelligibly again."

These Somersetshire excursions were looked forward to with much pleasure. Besides the local antiquaries, some of them no mean scholars, he met at Wells, Glastonbury, or Shepton, such men as Guest, Earle, Dawkins, Parker, Willis, and others of like distinction. Freeman and Stubbs were always there; and the discussions were keen, and the talk brilliant. It was the "day out" of the Oxford School, and they enjoyed it without reserve.

Want of space forbids our attempting any further description of the "Short History"; and it is so well known, and so much has been written about it by competent authorities, that such an attempt would be an anachronism and an impertinence. But in the new light thrown upon the character, genius, and circumstances of the author by the publication of his letters, we may consider shortly the value of Green's historical work, and of the so-called "school" to which he belonged.

The writers who formed the "Oxford School" of history did not so much invent any new method in history as direct the attention of Englishmen to a part of their history which had been much neglected. "Study your origins," they said; "modern England cannot be understood without reference to ancient England." We all knew that the present grows out of the past, but were content to leave it so. It was the work of Stubbs, Freeman, and Green to rescue mediæval England from the hands of antiquaries and romancers, and make it live in our minds as a reality, not merely a museum of dusty and unsifted facts and fictions and stories about people who "were never alive" to us, though there is no doubt that they once lived and looked upon the earth.

By the Oxford historians we mean principally Stubbs, Freeman, and Green; for Goldwin Smith, though he still lives to charm us by the beauty of

his style and to instruct us by his insight and knowledge, was at that time too eager a partisan to be a trustworthy historian; and Froude, who surpassed them all in intellectual brilliancy, was a historical heretic, and painted men, like Æschylus, rather as they ought to be than as they were; he dealt with historical facts and persons as Turner did with castles and hills, "playing them about boldly like chessmen," says Ruskin in one of his least conscientious moments; whilst Stanley, the "Professor of Pictorial Theology," was often led away by his imagination into vagaries of comparison and courageous analogies of things which might have been, but were not, as he in all good faith represented them; and had neither leisure to be learned nor taste for the severe drudgery which is necessary to establish facts. Of the three, Stubbs was much the strongest man. He had the industry of a German, the comprehensive learning of the Renaissance, and the good sense and freedom from "enthusiasm" of a Gibbon or a Porson. His astonishing accuracy was the result of a vast memory and infinite perseverance in verifying facts. As compared with Gibbon, whilst he comes short of him in comprehensive knowledge of all literature and power of illustration from the whole field of history, he studied original authorities much more deeply. He knew the chroniclers as Gibbon knew his Tacitus and Gregory of Tours and the Byzantine historians. But Gibbon read nothing that was not in print. Stubbs read hundreds of manuscripts and studied English history by the light of all that is known of contemporary annals, adding to this a mass of archaeological knowledge of cities, castles, and churches, and of obscure documents such as court-rolls, royal and ecclesiastical writs, Acts of Parliament, and local charters.

Freeman was great in detail. He had

no sense of proportion and little power to distinguish right and wrong in his judgments of men and motives. He wrote as a partisan, whether his subject was the character of a man, the date of a church or the spelling of a name. His Harold, Godwine, and William challenge all comers to controvert his portraiture of them. He reminds us of Leech's critic, who asks for a "candid opinion," and adds, "I'll knock any man down who says so!" Like Nelson, he "hated Frenchmen like the devil," and pelted them with merciless broadsides whenever he found them, besides absurdly calling them "Welchmen." In his own region he was a pedant and a precisian. His wide and accurate knowledge of universal history preserved him from shallowness, but not from partiality; and his industry and determined perseverance in the search for truth guarded him from much error, though they did not teach him to be fair to antagonists or to preserve philosophic calm in investigating the past.

What distinguished Freeman from other writers and gave him a well-deserved influence was his vigor and vitality, and his robust contempt for smatterers and amateurs, amongst whom he most unjustly reckoned his great antagonist Froude. Green never posed as a great historian. He sat at the feet of Stubbs and Freeman as masters, and he may possibly be remembered when Stubbs is "superseded" by writers whose study of parchment collectively exceeds his, and when, Freeman is looked upon rather as a writer of monographs than a historian.

The "Oxford School" set up no theories of philosophical history. Their object was to investigate the truth. Their predecessors in the field of ancient and mediæval history (of whom Stubbs always spoke with respect) had somewhat too readily accepted the evidence of current narrative; and, avoid-

ing this error, they proceeded in a strictly scientific manner. They established facts and dates in predocumentary ages by the evidence of earthworks, barrows and dykes, place-names, local customs, and ecclesiastical legends. For a later date they read documents of all kinds, and studied seals, churches, castles, and monasteries—thus laying in archaeology a foundation for history. When they came down to the professed annalists, they made a distinction between chroniclers who knew facts at first hand and chroniclers who only copied their predecessors or repeated tradition. They settled the date of "Ingulphus," and a good deal of the fabric of early history fell down. They established the principle that in primeval history direct narrative must be supported by external evidence to be accepted. They were not content, with Herodotus, to put down priestly narratives for true, but insisted on sound foundations, whatever might come to be built on them.

The method then was scientific, working through archaeology. Theory stepped in where one set of established facts was compared with a similar set of later date. How, for instance, did the judicial system of Henry II. differ from that of Alfred? What new elements had been imported? Whence did they come? What part in the shaping of England was borne by Roman law, imperial or papal, the institutions of Northmen, Danes and Normans, working on those of England, themselves full of local and provincial differences? It is not too much to say that in this concentration of interest on English origins through the medium of archaeology, Stubbs (who always acknowledged freely his obligations to English and German writers, past and present) was the creator of a new method.

This is aside of, and to some degree

independent of, political history, the narrative of war and peace, royal marriages and alliances, the rise and fall of ministries; apart, too, from the considerations of intellectual and spiritual movements and from the lives of great men; all subjects of the highest interest, and in their way not less important than the growth of institutions. Here Stubbs drew the line. His business was to investigate facts. *Hypotheses non fingo*, he might have said with Newton; and he may have been too suspicious of historians who traced in the succession of events the evolution of economical and political causes, *periculosæ plenum opus aleæ*.

Ranke, of whom Stubbs speaks (with more reverence than Green) as one of the greatest of historians, is the chief name among those historians who look upon history from a contemporary point of view, who find the interpretation of events in the letters of ambassadors, the treaties and political correspondence; the relation of states and statesmen of the same time. Green calls him "pragmatic," and complains of his "external" and "political" conception of history; but confesses that

there is such a just aversion to "philosophies of history," on account of the nonsense which has passed under that name, that it is quite likely people may turn away from a story which (like his own) strives to put facts on a philosophical basis, and to make events the outcome of social or religious currents of thought. (P. 359.) Every word I have written in reviews and essays through the last ten years went to the same point, to a protest, that is, against the tendency to a merely external political view of human affairs, and to a belief that political history to be intelligible and just must be based on social history in its largest sense. (P. 426.)

It is clear that two different modes of procedure are before us: to treat each period as an independent section, and

to examine the growth of a nation or an institution by comparing it with the same thing in previous centuries; to read, that is (as we said), across the page or down the page; and that to attribute such evolution principally to social and moral causes introduces theory, and with it an element of insecurity. But the perfect history brings in theory too, in its proper place, and with cautions against its abuse.

Methods of history are not so completely different after all, and we need not to put our historians in this or that list. All apply like tests in the investigation of facts; all search for motives of action to explain the facts; all recognize causes independent of conscious motive. No one denies great men's power of guiding events; no one denies that they can only act within the limitations of their time and their personal circumstances. All allow that the lessons of the past have their place in the present. History is neither archaeology nor politics, but partakes of both. It cannot settle its facts without archaeology, nor help us to think rightly without applying the lessons of past politics to the present and the future.

We shall miss Green if we seek him in the camp of the archaeologists or in that of the political theorists. Of course, in a sense, he belonged to both. As an inquirer into origins he was an archaeologist; as a narrator of events he could not ignore the conquering generals and treaty-making ministers who can turn Germans into Frenchmen and Poles into Prussians. But he was, above all, a believer in social and moral forces, a preacher and moralist, and thought that history was dwarfed by the "politicals." He was angry with Seeley for confounding history and politics. "The end of the study of history is to make a man" not a historian, but a "politician"! What is the end, then, of the study of politics—or does he consider them one and the

same? Seriously, Kingsley never talked such rubbish as this. (P. 240.)

Seeley pronounced that history is "the school of Statesmanship."⁹ He put contemporary history above past history. He valued past history, not as a storehouse of great deeds and great warnings, nor as a portrait gallery of great men, nor for its poetical and dramatic interest, but as a guide towards acting in the present and judging the future. If not directly practical it was worthless. He would, we presume, include in its definition the old definition of "philosophy teaching by examples," which agrees with Thucydides' conception, but confined it to its bearing on the politics of to-day. There is much to be said for this view; but it narrows history from being a branch of science and a part of human philosophy to one function only, that of directing present action. A most important function, truly; but only one man in ten thousand can use it so. The lessons of history may have instructed those who suffered by them, but few modern statesmen or voters profit by them. Still, we must not forget that, if Seeley's doctrine of past events producing present men and their actions made him represent Napoleon as little more than part of his environment, he was able, by putting forth the true paradox that the Continental wars of the eighteenth century were the unconscious stirrings of the English race for oceanic empire, to produce a great effect on public opinion, and give an impulse to the imperial idea which now absorbs us all. But Seeley was the one in ten thousand. The danger of his view of history is that its scientific pretensions may set up a claim to establish conclusions which may be used deductively. Again, this conceit of science tends to make the Seeley

school dry and empty of emotion. Seeley and Ranke work in a Spencerian spirit, aiming at generalization and classification rather than inquiring what were the faiths and aspirations of past ages. Inquirers of this stamp want to know what was done, and how it was done, not why it was done. The contest between a town and its oppressor the neighboring earl or bishop does not move them into sympathy. They investigate the causes, political, economical, and geographical, of the rise and decline of Winchester, York, or Liverpool. The feelings of the oppressed or victorious citizens they pass by as not to the purpose. "Men and women, gentlemen!" Kingsley used to say, who though he taught at Cambridge had little of the spirit of that place. And so long as history is made by men and women, historians will be right who look upon men and women as actors in history, not "impotent pieces of the game." Both schools have their value, neither can do without the other; but Spencerian generalization and classification are dry and cold; we cannot dispense with our heroic kings and weeping queens. To leave out the story of human joys and sorrows in history, to exclude the epic and dramatic interest, is like considering Gothic architecture as a series of problems of weight and thrust and an evolution of mouldings and traceries, without taking into account the sense of beauty and proportion.

It is characteristic of Green that his love of country made him look upon his own line as "the old traditional line of English historians."

Contrast, he writes to Freeman, your tone with Paull's, for instance, or even Gardiner's with Ranke. . . I don't doubt that the English ideal of history will in the long run be what Gibbon made it in his day, the first in the world; because it can alone combine the love of accuracy and external

⁹ Inaugural Address at Cambridge, "The Teaching of Politics." Lectures and Essays by J. R. Seeley, 1870.

facts with the sense that government and outer facts are but the outcome of individual men, and men what body, mind, and spirit make them. (P. 427.)

As for the "great men" theory, each writer according to the set of his mind thinks of men as individuals or as parts of a society. If the former, he brings into relief their differences; if the latter, their resemblances. The individualist finds in Thucydides or Tacitus a vivid picture of an existing society; the philosophical inquirer compares these with other states of society, and tries to find out under what differences of conditions similar causes produce different results, or *vice versa*, and how the differentiating circumstances were evolved out of former conditions. The differences between the two lines of thought are rather matter of temperament than of philosophy, and the true method must combine both.

Green belonged by temperament to the individualists. His men and women are all alive; their conscious motives interest him as much as the inherited instincts, political necessities, and economical conditions which modify their actions. He believed in leaders, and

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his pages are full of single portraits; Alfred, Dunstan, Henry II., Chaucer, More, Marlborough, are among the most striking. And besides and beyond the leaders there was the body of the nation with its common interests, hopes, fears, and beliefs, making for themselves the history which Green chiefly cared for, as their political history was made for them by their rulers.

If Green had written his history of the Angevin kings, as his friends wished, it would have gone on the shelf by the side of Freeman's "Conquest." It would have been read by scholars, and he might have been known as a great historian instead of a popular historian. But he knew the bent of his own genius, and when to follow or to disregard advice. He was not ashamed to write the history of the English people for the instruction of the English people. The immense popularity of the "Short History" does not detract from its merits as history, for it was written for an educated public, and is a work of learning and judgment, as well as a piece of excellent literature; and its educational value outweighs that of many books making higher claims to research and science.

OF HEATHER BROOMS.

Five-and-twenty years ago, before Bisley had become synonymous with rifle-ranges, I sat, a child beside my mother, in a laborer's cottage on the edge of the moor. Peat smoke rose from the open hearth, and the housewife regaled us with home-made cake and turnip wine; she also fastened into my small coat a spray of pink daphne from the garden. She was a woman of sixty, with a lean wrinkled face like a shrivelled russet apple; but she had

the vigor and verve of a girl of sixteen. Every morning she went out to field labor, and she was as cheerful as the day was long—indomitably cheerful. Out of many meetings with her, I can only remember one sentence, and that was uttered on this occasion. My mother inquired, "And where is your daughter Rachel now?" Answered our hostess, "She ain't in service now; she come home last Michaelmas twelve-month, and she's been going about

with Heth." This mysterious remark received no further elucidation, and I concluded, with a child's dim reasoning, that Heth must be the man in Genesis who had daughters, and was now promenading Surrey as Rachel's young man. Long afterwards I learned that my mother had also imagined Heth to be somebody who was "walking out" with Rachel, until she came upon that sturdy daughter of a sturdier mother, urging a little donkey along a sandy lane; and the donkey drew a cart piled up with heaps of "heth"—*Anglicé* heather. In those parts and those days heather was extensively used instead of straw, for pigsties and the like; also as fuel for the big chimney-side ovens in the open fire-places (though furze, peat, and "sprays"—fir and birch boughs—where procurable or affordable, were better), but everybody knew that the main and chief purpose for which "heth" had been created was the making of heather brooms.

Do townsfolk know these invaluable implements? Birch brooms are common enough; they are sold round all the London suburbs by clothes-prop people and gipsy basket-carts. But the heather broom is pre-eminently a country product for country usages, such as the cleaning of farmyards, cowsheds, and pigsties, the sweeping out of country back-kitchens; no cottage, however humble, would be without one. Certain Highland lairds are reputed to derive two-thirds of their income from the sale of heather brooms; and the "broom-squires" of the southern counties sometimes sell a whole cart-load at once, thus replenishing a hall or farm for years to come. These broom-squires are a queer, mongrel race, half gipsy, half squatter. They inhabit the fringes of the Surrey heaths, and the lonely slopes of Hindhead; and they pass on wide irregular orbits through the south and west of England; their two-wheel

vehicles, drawn by stalwart donkeys or New Forest ponies, are laden with such earthenware pottery as would tempt the most obdurate feminine heart. Bowls, jars, pans, huge water-jugs, eared harvest-jugs for slinging over the shoulder, glazed brown ware in "crocks" of every sort and size—all these are steadied and kept in place on the cart by strata of heather brooms, dark purple-brown amongst the ruddy earthenware; the color scheme is delightful. These hawkers do not make the pottery, but the brooms are their own construction—as a rule. There is a well-known legend—Charles Kingsley, I think, tells it somewhere, but an Isle of Wight farmer unblushingly narrated it to me as having been overheard in his own rickyard—a story of two broom-squires who met at Alresford fair. One demanded how the other could afford to undersell him by offering heather brooms at a penny each? "I steals the heth, and I steals the stales, and I steals the withs, but yet I can't sell mine under three-ha'pence." "Ah!" says the other, "but I steals mine ready made."

The heather is reaped before it flowers, when the stalks are long and wiry and thick with hard buds. The stales, or handles, are cut from Spanish chestnut, or any strong young wood that happens to grow handy. The peasant parents in "Hänsel and Gretel" were broom-makers, but in their case it seems to have been a singularly unremunerative profession; perhaps the broom market is over-crowded in the Hartzwald. In winter the broom-squires change their ware; having annexed all the berried holly, and poached all the available mistletoe for ten miles round, they are off with their loot to the large towns, and drive a roaring trade. Sometimes they travel far afield; I have seen them arriving in tow-boats behind the Isle of Wight steamer, their huge freight of holly

glistening scarlet and bronze against the wintry sea; and once I discovered a bough of spindlewood berries in a Brompton shop-window which had been obtained from one of these vagrant gentry at dawn in Covent Garden. But, as yet, never in any district of London have I found a heather broom. If only a broom-squire would come round! One would pay whatever he liked to ask, for the sake of old times, and then shut one's self up somewhere, to dream and dream. Farther than any witch's besom the heather broom would carry one.

Now here is a very old broom that has worn itself out doing yeoman service in the backyard; but perhaps it will serve our turn. Brooms have a homing instinct, and will not turn to right or left until their foot—their one foot—be on their native heather. Close your eyes, mount and ride. Hey, presto! we are there already.

Do we find ourselves on a Cornish moor, where the gray boulders tower out of the crimson heath-bloom, and the vast groundswell of the Atlantic surges and swerves in, a hundred feet below? Jackdaws chatter among the rocks, plaintive wheat-ears flit from stone to stone; the black peat-sod is red with sun-dew, and glittering with strewn mica flakes. The wishing-well water trickles out of its granite cave, and the girls come up, pitcher on head, from the fishing village. High above all, muffled in grass and fern and heather, looms the Druid altar—its sacrificial hollows filled with dew, that once held pools of blood.

Or is it a Hampshire heath? A wilderness such as encircles the New Forest, drowsy with the eternal murmur of bees in the ling, sweet with marsh blossoms and pine scents. The bog-waters gleam strangely at night, and the tall king-ferns recede into blacker shadow. Resinous odors rise from the trailing St. John's-Wort. Keep your

foot away from it; in the Isle of Man they say that if you tread on the St. John's-Wort after sunset, a fairy horse will break from the earth and gallop about with you all night. Here, also, are strange flowers and precious plants for the finding, such as the summer-ladies' tresses, tremulous with pale bells, the desire of the collector's heart, growing only here in all England. It becomes darker and darker; far away, across a sea-gray streak, a lighthouse flashes. The brown owl dips over the furze-brake, the night jar whirrs across the bracken.

Or have we come to a Dorset heath, such as the wild wastes called the Dorset Ireland, where the children of irremediable poverty knit their never-ending tale of Ringwood gloves, and cook all their food indiscriminately in one black pot; such, again, as the desert lands round Wareham, where the rivers pour into the upper reaches of Poole Harbor. The ciliated heather, rose-red with gray silky stems, drops over the lapping tide, the air is full of sea-birds, crying and wheeling. Or is this a Yorkshire grouse-moor like that in the "Water-Babies," "all soft turf and springing heather," and full of bilberries and whinberries, fern and wild thyme, where lizards glitter and vanish down the crevices of the limestone rocks?

Or is it a Norfolk heath? over which the Petulengro tribe might journey to the great horse-fair; a moor such as surrounds the Shrieking Pits of Aylmerton, where the Spectre Woman walks wailing and is never comforted. Or a Devon heath, where reddening brambles and dusty ferns overhang the Pixy-stones, and the voice of the sea sings faintly in the distance?

No—none of these; it is only such a Surrey heath as you shall find in any day within an hour of London. The tender blue sky is veiled with heat haze, the midday sun beats down full-

orbed; the wind is honey-sweet from a million heatherbells. Like some fairy prince flinging off his mean disguise, the moor has changed its russet to royal gold and purple, glowing from rim to rim of the horizon. In the Irish legend of "Smallhead and the King's Son," these two worthies metamorphosed themselves, in a village on market-day into two heather brooms. They promptly set to work to brush up the road; the crowd acclaims them as "the mercy of God," and, as a blessing from heaven, "sent to sweep the road for us." Nobody is in the least surprised when they change into two doves and take flight. Some such celestial agency must have swept and garnished this little haven of peace under the hill-firs. The brown fallen spines lie soft as velvet underfoot; the giant spikes of rosebay-willowherb guard the outer ward. Climbing the hillside, knee-deep in bloom, one brushes past the short bushes of bilberries, or "herts," blue-black with pleasant fruit. Green brackens lean over the little well-hollow in the hill-top, dark in an immemorial pine-shadow; and drop, drop, drop, the little spring drips into its brown limpid pool with sandy sides. Birds come here to drink, faded heath-bells fall in and float, little blue butterflies drift by from the blinding glare outside.

At the foot of the hill lies a yellow glimmer, where the Marsh-Asphodel grows, and the Golden-rod, which closes all wounds, and is also a divining-rod for the discovery of buried gold and silver. In Elizabethan days, dried Golden-rod was imported and sold at half-a-crown an ounce by the London herb-women, until it was found by Hampstead ponds, and then its repute declined. Here also is the Marsh-violet, and the Bog-Pimpernel; and what is this warm aromatic breath, redolent of a thousand memories, that hovers across the moor? Many names

it has, and by any name it will smell as sweet—Bog-Myrtle, Golden-witly, Candle-berry, Sweet-Gale—the pleasantest, cleanest, keenest of all heath-land odors. In Sweden they brew a powerful drink from Sweet-Gale, and some have mentioned it as an ingredient of the mysterious heather-beer. The peasants of Isla and Jura make a palatable beverage by mixing two-thirds of heath-tops with one of malt; but it lacks the Pictish potency.

The Pechs were a great people for ale, which they brewed frae heather; sae, ye ken, it bood to be an extraorinar cheap kind of drink, for heather, I'se warrant, was as plenty then as it's now. This art o' theirs was muckle sought after by the other folk that lived in the kintry; but they never would let out the secret, but handed it down from father to son among themselves, wi' strict injunctions frae one to another never to let anybody ken about it.

At last, gradually exterminated by the Scots, the dwarfish race is reduced to two, father and son. King Kenneth threatens to torture them into disclosure of the secret. The father agrees to tell it on one condition, which is granted him.

Then said the Pech:

"My son ye maun kill
Before I will you tell
How we brew the yill
Frae the heather bell."

The King was dootless greatly astonished at sic a request; but as he had promised, he caused the lad immediately to be put to death. When the auld man saw his son was dead, he started up in a great stewd, and cried, 'Now, do wi' me as you like. My son ye might have forced, for he was but a weak youth, but me ye never can force:

"And though you may me kill,
I will not you tell

How we brew the yill
Frae the heather bell.¹

Probably this occult drink was of the nature of mead. Mead, which is made from honey, is intoxicating; and heather-honey is of a singular and pungent sweetness. But heather, strange to say, has a world-old association with tragedy. The child of sour barren soils, holding no communion with rich cornlands and fruits of the earth, its banishment and isolation marks it out to evildoers as fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. In Germany they ascribe the very color of the *Heide* (heath) to the blood of the slain *Heiden* (heathen) who inhabited the waste lands. The little brooks which ooze from the marsh and creep over the moor leave rusty-red stains on their pebbles, and a sharp sweet taste in the mouth—is it of iron or blood? It might be either. I know of no song so terrible as Schumann's *Heide-Knabe*, where the boy, having dreamed an ill dream, goes forth reluctantly over the heath, bearing money for his master. The heath-track, the stunted willows—the vast levels of loneliness—the inevitable approach of the predestined murderer, these things haunt one like a nightmare, the worse for its inherent probability. All the plants, too, which frequent heatherlands, are in popular belief of supernatural endowment, and more or less malevolent. Sometimes they are holy plants, set there to counteract the malign influences of their comrades; but for the most part they are akin to Will-o-the-wisps, witch-spells, and ghosts of murdered travelers; they represent the spade-suit among flowers.

Take, for instance, the imperial Foxglove; glorious to behold, yet of ill repute among all nations. The English know it as Witches'-Bells, the Welsh as Goblin's Gloves; the Irish, with that

reserve which overtakes them when the fairies are in question, know it as Lusmore or Great Herb, consecrate to the affairs of the Good People. It is a dangerous plant, and no animal will touch it. It impedes the circulation of the blood, produces violent exhilaration of the spirits, and has various other ill effects upon the human system.

The Derbyshire women, early in this century, used to intoxicate themselves with Foxglove tea, secretly brewed in their husband's absence. To counteract this evil influence, here is a trail of Honeysuckle, red and cream and gold; the *Altbranke* or witch-snare of Lower Germany. Consumptive folk were wont to seek sorceresses, who passed them thrice through a circular wreath of Honeysuckle, cut when the leaves were just budding, during the increase of the March moon. Here the heath-stalks are enmeshed, and the furze-bushes half strangled, with salmon-colored threads and tiny waxen-blooms; this is the Dodder, the precious *Epithymum* of ancient lore. Charms were once in vogue for use where Dodder grew, to disperse and scatter its concentrated magic.

"The strings have no leaves at all upon them," says Culpepper, "but wind and interlace themselves upon a small plant, that it taketh away all comfort of the sun from it, and is ready to choke and strangle it. . . . All dodders are under Saturn, tell me not of physicians crying up *Epithymum*, or that dodder which groweth upon thyme; he is a physician indeed that hath wit enough to choose his dodder according to the nature of the disease and humor peccant."

Here the antlered branches of the Staghorn or Club-moss, the Selago of the Druids, the Golden Herb which must be gathered in stealth by a naked virgin with mystic ceremonial. The

¹ Chambers, "Popular Rhymes of Scotland."

dust which issues from its spore-cases, being highly inflammable, is collected for purposes of fire works and stage lightning. In Cornwall it is still used for diseases of the eye, being plucked with a holy invocation, and many reminiscences of the Druidic rite, notably the white cloth to wrap it in. Here, to ward off heathen spells, are the perfumed yellow blossoms of Our Lady's Bedstraw, on which Christ lay in the manger, and which refresheth the sore weariness of travellers; here is the gentle Eyebright or Euphrasy, "that gives dim eyes to wander leagues around," and here the soil is red with Sundew, the flower-ogre that feeds on baby-flies. Spirits of Sundew—*aqua rosae solis*—were once an infallible cure for the plague; its distilled juice yields a strong stimulant. Does it secrete the mystery of heather-ale? Here in trails of blue and twists of white, is the delicate Milkwort, with which garlanded, our forefathers walked the boundaries in Gang-week; here are the yellow Hawkweed, the Devil's-bit-scabious, the pink Centaury, and a host of others. And here, there, and everywhere, fragrant and bushy, grows the Bracken-fern, the Fern of God, the hated of witches, in whose cut stalks is the signature I.H.S. When the brackens of Christchurch Head begin to curl up out of the heatherhill, the fishermen of the Stour and Avon put out their first lobster-pots; also they say—

When the fern is as high as a spoon,
Then you may sleep an hour at noon;
When the fern is as high as the table,
Then you may sleep as long as you're
able;

When the fern begins to look red,
Then milk is good with brown bread.

There are six species of English heath, not counting the Ling; six miracles of pink and purple and dulcet honey-scent. Sweet are the uses of them all; ale and brooms are not their sum

total. The Northern cottager knows their worth; still, as in the "Lady of the Lake," "withered heath and rushes dry" are his roof, and his walls are of black earth combined with heather. He makes his bed of heath, he twines his ropes of it; he dyes his yarn and wool a golden yellow in a decoction of young heather twigs. This plant of royal purple is essentially the poor man's plant; growing where nothing else will, hardy against all weathers, limitless in profusion, it supplies him with the means of shelter, rest, and fuel. In the Northern hemisphere it is but a shadow, in extent, size, and variety, of what it attains elsewhere; in Cape Colony alone there are nearly three hundred species, and in southern latitudes it becomes arborescent. Linnaeus mentions a belief among the Lapps, that two plants would eventually over-run and destroy the earth; namely heather and tobacco. This would at any rate be a pleasanter finale than collision with a comet.

You will perceive then that the heathland supplies a man with most things, if not all, necessary for soul and body: that is, if he be one to be "content with plain and simple things," as A Kempis says, "and not to grumble against any inconvenience." Bilberries and blackberries for his food, roseberries too and hawthorn-berries from scattered stunted bushes: wine of sundew, and beer of bog-myrtle, and ale of heather, to make him merry. Roots and stalks and juices to defend him from things supernatural (which he may justly expect in such a solitude), flowers of holy meaning to lead him heavenward. Birds for his music, cotton-willow-down to stuff his pillows, rushes and willows for his baskets, rabbit-fur to clothe him and his Baby Bunting, little wells and brooks for his ablutions: and heath for house, couch, and fire—all at the cost of a little labor. Is he much to be pitied?

"There's likewise a wind in the heath," as the gipsy said to Lavengro. "Life is sweet, brother; who would wish to die? . . . Wish to die, indeed! A Romany chal would wish to live for ever."

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that I would gladly live for ever!"

Fierce and conquering, seizing the world in its giant grasp, the wind on the heath flings itself across the hills: it is full of old echoes, songs and shrieks and war-cries, and legends of feud and foray among the Border hills. In the breath of such a wind the Romans built and fought along the North, the moss-troopers flashed across Tyndale and Redesdale, and the hill-country men swept out for battle, to the cry of

Tarset and Tarret Burn,
Hard and heather-bred,
Yet! yet! yet!

The wind on the heath sums up all—the proud desolation, the wild menace, the untrammelled spaciousness of the heather land, and utters it on celestial trumpets whose notes reach, feebly and far-off, to the dusty ways of towns.

Temple Bar.

But now the sun is westering, and a film of mist creeps over the marshy places. A chill comes into the delicious air, bringing vague recollections of other heaths over which only the mind has wandered—the wild Northern wastes of Andersen's stories, the east wind at midnight over desolate German leagues. Frogs are croaking in deafening chorus: the fern-owl churrs like a spinning-wheel: the last lark has dropped. Far away in little green oases, cottage candles are lit, and thin spirals of peat-smoke flicker over the thatched roofs. All this one saw somewhere before—or was it in a half-remembered tale?

Late, late in a gloamin' when all was still,

When the fringe was red on the western hill,

The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world
its lane,

When the ingle lowed wi' a eerie leme,
Late, late in a gloamin', Killmeny
came hame.

And so must we. The heather-lands grow vague and dusky, and the heather broom lies at hand, as tangible as ever. "Horse and hattock!" as the fairies say. Mount and ride!

May Byron.

ANOTHER "GRACEFUL CONCESSION."

While the British public has been devoting its attention to ping-pong, cricket, and other congenial pursuits, an event of no small importance, whether from the political or the naval standpoint, has passed almost unnoticed. This is the visit of the German squadron, under Prince Henry of Prussia, to Irish waters. For the first time in our his-

tory, a foreign force superior to any squadron which we have in commission in home waters, superior indeed to any individual squadron of any navy in waters outside the Mediterranean, has been at work upon our coasts, performing evolutions, learning the navigation of our harbors, and training for war. This force comes to-day as a

friend, but we know enough of the openly expressed intentions, both of the German nation and the men who direct German policy, to understand that in the future it may come as an enemy. And as it is always present in northern waters, it is of the utmost importance that Englishmen should understand what exactly its strength is.

Prince Henry's squadron has for some days during the past month been lying in one of the fortified bases of our Navy, Berehaven—a base which it is not by any means desirable, from a national point of view, that foreign naval officers should be invited to explore and make themselves acquainted with. It had previously visited Lough Swilly, which is another of our fortified secondary bases, so that it clearly has an especial predilection for harbors which the British Navy intends to use in wartime. One would have supposed that, after the conduct to this country of Germans in the past two years, from Count Bülow downwards, the German admiralty would have found it impossible to ask, and the British Admiralty impossible to grant, such a favor. It is not usual for navies to resort to the fortified harbors of other Powers, unless they are on terms of the closest friendship and alliance with those Powers, which we know is not the case with Germany. Our squadrons visit such points as Aranci Bay in Sardinia, the Gulf of Volo in Greece, Arosa Bay in Spain, but these are not fortified harbors, used by the squadrons of the Powers to which they belong as naval bases, nor are they owned by States which this country is perpetually menacing with its wrath. A distant parallel to the German hardihood in making this request would be if England were to ask Russia to allow her to station her Reserve Squadron for a fortnight at Helsingfors, or France to allow her to exercise her Channel Squadron in Donarnenez Bay, and yet neither

France nor Russia has shown the same hostile temper to England as has Germany, nor has either of them openly avowed the purpose of building a fleet to destroy the British naval predominance, as the Germans have done.

An examination of this German fleet in our waters, and a comparison of it with our Channel Squadron, will show how formidable the German Navy is becoming. Prince Henry has ordinarily under him eight battle ships and three protected cruisers. Our own Channel Squadron at the date of his visit consisted of six battleships and nominally six cruisers, though of these latter several were absent from the squadron. One of the most inefficient has just been replaced by an armored cruiser of powerful pattern, but, with the exception of this ship, the cruisers in either force can be dismissed as being of no great fighting value.

When the German squadron left its own waters it was composed of five new battleships of the *Kaiser* class and three older vessels of the *Brandenburg* type. But, on the way over, one of the best German ships, the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, which is fitted up to act as the Emperor's flagship, broke down, and had to be sent back for repairs; while at precisely the same time one of the battleships of the Channel Squadron, the *Mars*, was also temporarily disabled by the sad explosion in her fore-barricade, which killed two of the best and most promising young officers in our Navy. So that we could point no finger of scorn at our rival on this head.

It should be observed that the battleships of the German Navy are built in homogeneous groups of a size dictated by tactical considerations. Each group consists of five, of which four are for service in the fleet as a complete subdivision, and the fifth for duty as a flagship or in reserve. All the ships of one type or group are kept together in the same fleet. This indicates a sys-

tem and method in the German plans which we should do well to copy. Our own Navy has several large groups of battleships, homogeneous in construction, but in not one single case are all the ships of one group in any one fleet. This is in itself a sign of faulty administration and defective staff-work in the British Navy which the public might note. There is no point or purpose in constructing large groups of ships, and then wasting the uniformity thus attained by carefully mixing up the various classes till the result is a collection of "squadrons of specimens."

The battleships of the Channel Squadron are of the *Majestic* class, and are considerably larger than the German ships of the *Kaiser* class. At first sight they might seem much more formidable than the Germans. But on examination we discover these not very reassuring facts. In the first place, the German *Kaiser* class are, on the whole, newer ships. The first of them was laid down in 1894 and the last in 1898; the first of the *Majestics* in 1893 and the last in 1894, and when designed the Germans were in many ways better up to date than the British ships. If they are smaller, they are handier; they have many small points of advantage as against the British type, and though individually these points may not be of great importance, collectively they become very serious. Thus the Germans are half a knot faster; they have with one exception Krupp steel armor, which is much superior to the Harvey steel of the British battleships; they have guns which fire their projectiles with a much higher velocity than the *Majestic's*; the rate of fire of their heavy weapons is again greater than that of the British ships; their boilers are a mixture of the water-tube and cylindrical, to which this country is now coming after many years of unsatisfactory experiments; they have triple-screws, which give greater ma-

nœuvring power and increased security against disablement; they draw less water; they have no wood about them, whereas the British ships have a great deal, and would be seriously incommoded by splinters, if not by fire, in action; and their torpedo armament is more powerful.

The batteries of the *Kaiser* class include many more guns, though as a set-off against this must be noted the fact that their big guns are much lighter than those of the *Majestic*. The two contrasted types stand thus in the matter of guns:

Five *Majestics*, four 12-in., twelve 6-in., sixteen 12-pounders:

Four *Kaisers*, four 9.4-in., eighteen 5.9-in., twelve 20-pounders:

The *Majestic's* big guns fire a shot weighing 850 pounds; the *Kaiser's* one weighing 330 to 475 pounds; but the rate of fire of the German guns is much greater than that of the British, so that, according to the statement of German officers, the German gun can fire two shots, or even three under favorable circumstances, a minute; while the British can only fire one shot in fifty seconds, and after four rounds have been fired this sinks to one shot in seventy-five seconds. The slow fire of our big guns is due to the fact that they have, after four shots, to be brought back every time to a fixed loading position, while the German guns can be loaded in any position, a fresh sign of bad work in our staff departments. The British guns must be taken off the target and moved back to the position to load; the German guns can be kept on the target while loading. It is certain that, under such conditions the Germans would make the better shooting. Whether the greater weight of the *Majestic's* shell would compensate for her slower fire is a matter on which gunnery experts differ. The English think that it would; the Germans that it would not.

The smaller guns of the Germans are far more powerful than the British; indeed, though this matter is usually ignored, the difference in power is nearly as great as that between our old muzzle-loaders and our first breech-loaders. Moreover, the German 5.9-in. guns can pierce the Harvey steel which protects the British 6-in. guns, while the British 6-in. guns cannot, at fighting ranges, hope to pierce the Krupp armor which protects the German 5.9-in. guns. Under such circumstances a duel between eighteen guns on the one part and twelve on the other could have only one result. It should be observed, as confirming what is said here, that the *Naval Annuals* for 1896 and 1899 give the energy of fire for the two contrasted classes as 394,000 foot-tons for the British and 576,000 for the German vessel. As against this great advantage which the Germans hold is to be set some weakness in defence. The *Majestic* has rather more armor and it is rather better disposed, though it is doubtful whether in practice this is not neutralized by the better quality and greater resisting power of the German Krupp mail.

On paper, then, four ships of the *Kaiser* class should be superior to four ships of the *Majestic* class. The fifth *Majestic* would be faced by the three German battleships of the *Brandenburg* class, and they should together be able to beat her. Thus it cannot be said that the position of the Channel Squadron, *vis-à-vis* this German Squadron, is at all satisfactory. Yet the Channel Squadron is indubitably more powerful than the Reserve fleet, which is our only other home squadron. The Reserve fleet is only concentrated and at sea four months in the year, an arrangement which may save expense, but which sacrifices the all-important factor of efficiency, so that it could not be expected to shape well in battle. The return of the *Mars* to the Channel

Squadron will hardly offset the return of the fifth of the *Kaiser* class to the German fleet, and we really depend for our advantage upon the one armored cruiser which has just been added to the Channel Squadron. Nor is the German advantage transitory. By the close of the present year the Germans will possess eight thoroughly modern battleships in their squadron, and as they are building fast, we shall very soon have to choose between withdrawing a great part of our fleet from the Mediterranean or enormously increasing our ship-building program. In the years 1900-3 we shall only have laid down nine battleships to their eight.

From the political standpoint, which we have left to be considered last, the visit is likely to have unsatisfactory results. It is being used in Germany as an argument that the best way to make the Englishman civil is to kick him. "See," it is being said, "after all Count Billow's abuse of Mr. Chamberlain, the English grant us something which they have never granted any other Power. Why treat them with civility when they are ready to show themselves so spiritless and undiscerning? We Germans have plainly told them what we mean in the preamble of our Naval Act, where we say that 'Germany must have a fleet of such strength that even for the greatest naval Power war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardize its own supremacy,' and yet, though we point not obscurely at our true aim, their Government thus kow-tows to us." The conclusion is obvious, that England is either asleep or afraid of Germany.

It is in every way most undesirable that such ideas should be allowed to implant themselves in German heads. Because the Germans are building an immense fleet and planning to take from us our naval supremacy, that is no reason why we should be uncivil

to them, but it is a very sound argument against obsequiousness on our part. The truth is that Germany has picked a quarrel deliberately, and, so long as personal friends of the Kaiser's, such as Professor Delbrück, declare that "Germany . . . will make no terms of any sort with treacherous Albion," and so long as such pronouncements are received with enthusiasm by Germans, it is an enormous error for us to open our bases to German fleets or to sanction tacitly the exploitation of cold formalities by the German diplomatists.

These, with their usual astuteness, are representing the visit abroad as a counterblast to President Loubet's journey to St. Petersburg, and as a proof that they still have only to speak the word to obtain the British alliance.

The National Review.

The day when such a thing was possible is for ever past. To remove all misconceptions in Paris, and to indicate to the French that our quarrels with them are over, it might be well to invite the French Northern Squadron to pay our naval bases a visit. It is certain that at this moment Germany is at her old game of using the bugbear of an imaginary British menace to smooth her own relations with France and Russia and obtain from them fresh concessions, of which we shall ultimately have to pay the cost. This game was tried at the date of the French expedition to Mitylene, and its failure on that occasion seems to open up the way for better relations between England and her great neighbor across the Channel.

Ignotus.

THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FACT AND FANCY.

The weeks dragged on till even northern Marsdale was joyous with the glories of the later spring, and the breadth of frowning Scunner Head was draped with golden gorse, and bluebells lay in wide sheets of blue under the budding oak woods.

The hydro took a long time to bring matters to a conclusion, and the lawyers engaged in settling the affairs of the Crosby estate did not let it make too easy a bargain.

Caradoc spent long hours at Cathrigg Hall, turning out the stores of generations, letters, papers, memorials, which no one else had ever faced and read. Some days he studied them carefully, other days a sick impatience seized

him, and he rammed them back into their drawers and boxes, and left them untouched. When the younger generation is made for the first time free of the contemporary criticism of the elder one, there is always something strange and startling, the point of view shifts in a surprising way, even when no shameful record does or can leap to light. To sit in the seat of judgment on the elder world, hitherto taken for granted, is like gazing with strange scientific eyes on the faith of childhood, and in poor Caradoc's case there was so much that was discreditable and better forgotten. His father had shirked painful matters so thoroughly that he had never even torn up the letters and papers referring to them.

Then there were all the "things," pictures, plate, books, jewels. Some had

gone to meet sudden necessities, but the Crosbys through the several generations had had many and good connections, and Caradoc who had never even thought, or cared for any of these possessions, had with the old servant's help to place and appraise these valuables.

He liked them with the collector's side of his nature, and lingered over them, cataloguing them, and wasting time by searching out how they came into the family, and finding out the crests marked on the old spoons and forks in the parchment pedigree which he had never looked at before. Now he wrote carefully into it the deaths of his father and brother, with the neatness and precision required at Ashenhead. Some of the things he must keep and he proposed to lodge them in the bank at Northborough.

Mr. Quince avoided these researches, but Caradoc made him come to identify the family pictures, of which he himself knew nothing.

These ought to be valued by an expert, and Caradoc had just enough knowledge of the books to see that there were some the value of which he did not know, and the delightful consoling idea occurred to him of getting Mr. Elsworthy over to examine and value them. He might come for a couple of nights, and hope and peace would surely come with him.

"I have written to ask Mr. Elsworthy," said Caradoc to his uncle. "He is the best authority short of London, and in communication with all the experts there. You could consult with him, Uncle Quince? You understand the subject."

"I don't think there's much that wouldn't go for a song," said Quince. "But Elsworthy is a very good man. You can't do better than have him."

"And the pictures? If there are really any Reynolds and Romneys they must be worth something."

"Yes, there's money in them," said Quince.

"I shall keep you and my father, Uncle Quince," said Caradoc. "That's Gant, isn't it?"

Mr. Quince looked at the two pretty little boys in velvet frocks, nursing a spaniel.

"Ay," he said, "you won't sell 'Little Premier,' though like Charles Surface, you bring all your ancestors to the hammer. And you'd get no money for us either, the style is out of fashion."

"The mother could keep it for me at Beachcombe," said Caradoc.

One visit of Mr. Quince's coincided with an invasion by the manager of the Hydropathic Company, who came in person to clinch the arrangements.

Mr. Buswell was a prosperous and substantial person, well-dressed, and pompous. It was not of course his cue to be enthusiastic about the property which his company wished to acquire, but he was very civil, and as he afterwards remarked, "Considerate of the poor young baronet's feelings."

"Yes, Sir Caradoc, yes. I'll not deny that, properly worked, there's a uniqueness about the place, that we should regard as an advantage. Fine old apartments there, and very sizable."

"I should think them gloomy myself," said Caradoc, "if I came to a health resort."

"Oh, we might have to throw out a saloon at the side, and level a piece of the park for croquet and tennis. The heights round would be available for golf links, no doubt neighboring gentlemen would co-operate. We should have to provide our own plant for electric light, and the baths and corridors thrown out would be modern and cheerful. But visitors often like a little character in a place. It affords conversation."

Mr. Quince walked away to the window and stood with his back turned. Caradoc was silent.

"The family crest, I presume," said Mr. Buswell, looking up at the carving over the mantelpiece. "What animal, may I ask, does it represent?"

"A wolf's head," said Caradoc.

"Ah, most interesting. Printed at the top of a circular, it would have a unique effect."

"It would, sir."

"And these pictures, now? I shouldn't at all mind coming to an arrangement for a few of them. Family ones no doubt? Might be a pleasure to think of them still in their old places!"

"The pictures will be valued by an expert," said Caradoc, looking very like his wolf's head.

"Ah well, we shall see. Those old things, charming in their places, often don't fetch much in the market. But they're characteristic. Well, Sir Caradoc, good morning. I think I can undertake to have the papers ready for your signature next week. We'll come in with the general public—nominally—if there's a sale of furniture and fittings, not that there's much in our line. I'm going to give a look round the neighborhood."

"Good morning," said Caradoc.

For his life he could not offer his hand, and when Mr. Buswell had bowed himself out, he cried out, "I wish Scunner Head would fall and crush the place before his confounded cads get hold of it. I'd gladly be buried in its ruins."

"Eh, Crad, my boy, you'd soon want to be dug out again," said Mr. Quince. "We're not the first to go under."

"It settles it—it settles it!" said Crad with passion. "I'll not stay here an hour after the deed is signed. See the pipes of that hydro, running up the dale, and that oily curled beast in possession here. No! I'll go to the end of the earth—I will emigrate! I'll never set eyes on Marsdale again."

"Eh, well," said Mr. Quince, rather glad to see anger take the place of mel-

ancholy. "There's small use for the young to sit on the ruins of any Cathage and weep over them."

"There—there will be nothing left to weep over," said Caradoc, his voice choking, as all the anguish of his loss came over him.

He went hurriedly out, for his self-control would endure no longer.

"I'll see what that beast is up to," he muttered to himself, as he followed in the tracks of the great Mr. Buswell, who had stepped into the one little village shop, called for a glass at the tiny public, The Crosby Arms, spoken a word at one or two of the nearer farmers, and left an impression of future work and wealth behind him.

Eggs and poultry would be in demand, and vistas of profit opened before the eyes of the Marsdale housewives.

Caradoc walked along the valley lost in his gloomy thoughts. No energy, no strength of purpose could avert the doom of this old world in which he was born. He could not conquer his fate; but he might meet it with self-restraint and courage. So he gave a nod, and a word here and there as he passed, and wondered if it was his fancy that the response was not quite cordial. At last he met Matthew Fletcher, with his sheep dog behind him. He was a good bit older than the young Crosbys, and had once been their guide, philosopher and friend in matters of heron's nests, fish out of Black Tarn, eel spearing in Marswater and other delights. He knew every foothold on every crag, and thanks to his teaching, Quentin and Crad had learnt most of them too. So Crad stopped and spoke, and Mat answered him respectfully and without a smile.

Then, with a flush of shame, Caradoc supposed that Matthew resented his behavior on Agnes' wedding day. And while he hesitated whether to speak of

the past or no, the young farmer touched his hat and walked on.

"Well," thought Caradoc, "either Marsdale folk look more to the main chance than I thought, or Mat bears malice. I shall go and see old Tunstall, and see what he has to say to me."

The little rough-cast vicarage was close to the churchyard, and thither Crad took his way. As he came up to the gate, he looked across at Joe Wilson's new-made grave, and there he saw the widow in her black dress, kneeling on the grass and planting some primroses.

With a sudden impulse he crossed over towards her. Of course he owed them a more formal apology than he had yet made, and he prepared his speech—carefully.

"Mrs. Wilson—I have to express to you how much I regret——"

But when the young widow rose from her knees, and after a slight waiting, met his offered hand frankly with her own, in true north-country greeting, he forgot it, and said, "Well Agnes, so you're here still—? I shan't be here much longer."

"No sir, I suppose not," said Agnes with quick acquiescence. "And I am going to-morrow to my aunt at Ashby. There's not much doing now in Marsdale."

"There is nothing so far as I'm concerned," said Caradoc.

"My husband," said Agnes, "did not mean to stay. He had friends in New Zealand, doing well on a large farm. They had invited us to come, and offered us work. They're in need of a woman, I might go yet, 'tis Joe's aunt and uncle."

"They don't want a day laborer, I suppose," said Caradoc.

The moment the half-bitter, half-thoughtless words crossed his lips, he saw the interpretation that might be put on them.

Agnes colored deeply, and looked away from him over the vale. He looked at her, modest, womanly, and beautiful beyond compare. She seemed to embody the very spirit of his beloved hills and dales, and round her image a tender romance must for ever cling. Was it not a poor thing for a man to forget her! Was not the passion of the fancy that had clung to her the best thing he could know? Yet it had gone, gone like the sunrise, faded into the light of common day, vanished before the rush and the onset of life, like a dream when one awaketh.

Then he did a somewhat strange thing. "Agnes," he said, "I behaved like a fool to you and Joe Wilson. You knew how little value my feelings had. For what I did on your wedding day I beg your pardon. But there's more. I have a great deal to thank you for. If you had been a different girl—I shall always have to remember that my first love was the best of women. And so, Agnes, as we are still old friends and neighbors, I'm going to tell you that I've found my real choice now. I'm a very unlucky fellow, and I don't know if I shall ever have a home to offer her, but if I have—she will come to it. You're one of my oldest friends and I like you to know."

As Agnes listened to his words, which were brave and as sincere as such words could be, she kept her face turned away. Perhaps, like Maud Muller, she felt for a moment that "it might have been."

Then she turned round and held out her brown strong hand to him.

"I wish you very well, Mr. Crad," she said, "and the young lady too. Ye must mak' a home for her."

"I must," said Caradoc, squeezing the hard hand, "and I will."

"And I'll say good day to ye, sir, for I'm going to Ashby. And I've nought to forgive ye."

She turned and walked fast away from

him, and he, with a long breath of emotion too mixed to be defined, turned round from watching her—and saw the old parson standing at the gate, manifestly and openly watching him.

"And what might you and the young widow be saying to each other, Sir Caradoc?" said Mr. Tunstall, who having christened Caradoc and Agnes both, and knowing every in and out of both their families and all their lives, might be supposed to have a right to speak—though his relations to his flock were not always strictly of a pastoral character.

"I was asking her pardon for attacking her husband on his wedding day," said Caradoc—who knew that the interview would cause comment, but whose temper began to rise.

What might have passed is doubtful, if Mr. Buswell had not suddenly appeared upon the scene—smiling and bowing.

"The incumbent of the parish, I presume. May I request the pleasure of an introduction?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BLUE ENVELOPE.

Mr. David Elsworthy accepted Sir Caradoc Crosby's invitation to come for two nights to Cathrigg Hall, and examine the library of the late baronet with a view to its valuation in the event of a sale. Mr. Quince offered to take him in at Greenhead Howe; but Caradoc felt a strong desire to do him honor himself and for the first and only time to offer the hospitality of his own house.

Old "Caleb" and his wife were equal to the task, and as eager over it as their master. Plate, china and fine old damask to be used for the last time, were laid out on a round table at one end of the big library. A joint of small sweet mountain lamb, and a couple of Biddum's earliest chickens were not to be despised. Mrs.

Caleb set her best skill to work for the etceteras. There were still a few bottles of good claret.

A big fire and four candles in tall silver candlesticks lighted up the state-ly shabbiness of the room. Caradoc, who had already fetched Mr. Elsworthy from the station in Mr. Quince's trap, had dressed for dinner; he was eager, cordial, respectful, but it was difficult to believe that he had been Charles Cross.

Caradoc could hardly have defined the feeling that prompted him to this state and ceremony. It was partly the desire to do honor to his kind friend, to Elsie's father, partly the wish to show himself for once in the character that ought for life to have been his.

"I shall never entertain another guest," he said, as they sat down to table. "My uncle will dine with us to-morrow, and then—we shut up shop."

"Yes, Crad," Mr. Quince had said, "I'll dine with you to-morrow. I will dine once more at Cathrigg," and then it had occurred to Caradoc that his uncle never had dined there within his recollection.

"It's a beautiful old place, Sir Caradoc," said Mr. Elsworthy, "and your Crown Derby is splendid."

"Yes. It's hardly been used for years. How's Quince, and Miss Sophia?"

"Quince is well, and more mischievous than when he had a master's hand on him. I regret to say that he got hold of a fine stuffed pole-cat, which the head master's brother sent us for the museum, and tore it up before he found that it wasn't edible."

"Ah, I must come and give him the licking he's spolling for. His mistress away too—of course I hear of her from Viola. It's everything for poor Vi, to have her."

"Her aunts want to keep her too long. My sister is lonely, but she is well, and desired her regards to you."

"She was very kind to me," said Caradoc. "Some claret, sir, it is good, and I know you drink it."

Face to face with the young man who had lived in his house for so long, and whom in a way he knew so intimately, Mr. Elsworthy felt that the rumors he had heard dissolved into a mist. Caradoc looked older. There was a great gravity behind his attentive cheeriness, he was handsome and more attractive than Mr. Elsworthy had supposed, the appearance of his assistant not having interested him much. But surely it was a good and sincere face.

After dinner a preliminary glance at the books was taken.

"I have put these out on the table," said Caradoc. "They seemed to me of some value. I know, of course, these well-bound old classics with antiquated notes are worthless. And the 'views of Devon and Cornwall,' they are too like that great morocco-bound set of Scotch views, if you remember, sir, published at forty guineas, and we couldn't get five for it."

"Yes, I am afraid the illustrated books are not worth much, but these Waverleys are a first edition, and ah! here's the very first Lyrical Ballads, and unbound and uncut, that's worth something."

There were also old prints and Bartolozzi engravings.

"I never saw them till the other day," said Caradoc. "They've been packed away since the days of my grandfather."

Mr. Elsworthy, both then and on the next morning, gave careful attention to all. Caradoc had searched out a good many valuable trifles, and Mr. Elsworthy could advise him, and put him in communication with the best authorities on each subject.

Each had enough of the collector's enthusiasm to enjoy the business, and for the time forgot its cause.

"And here," said Caradoc—as they came through the hall—"would the dear old museum find a corner for these? The last raven shot by my father when he was a boy, behind Scunner Head—and these moor-buzzards, my uncle got them? And a good collection of water-fowl. I should like to preserve them, they have a local interest and local names attached to them. I'd rather they were there than adorning the hydro."

"The museum will welcome them. Ah, I don't like hydros. I spent a fortnight once at one. I've not a word to say against it. It was conducted on most pious principles, and the food was wholesome. But somehow it took the soul out of the scenery round it."

Caradoc sighed heavily, and turned back to the matter immediately in hand.

Mr. Elsworthy was able to give him skilled advice, and to put him into communication with places where he was likely to find the best market for his possessions.

Caradoc thanked him, and then showed him some papers.

"Here," he said, "is the form of agreement between myself and the 'Hydro-pathic Company Limited.' It is sent for my signature. To-morrow you shall witness it before you go. I'll get old Tunstall to come up for a second. I won't wait longer than that to sign it. But I'll still be master of Cathrigg while I have a guest. Then I shall go up to London and see about those other matters, and Edward Mason and I must talk matters over. I would take any appointment I could get, librarian, curator, secretaryship—anything. But those things are not for the unknown. You see, Mr. Elsworthy, if I go to a colony at my age, and with no capital, and health not quite so good as it used to be, it's probably only going under out of sight. And I can't do that, you know."

Mr. Elsworthy understood him. If it had not been for Elsie—! Might not this poor penniless lad do worse than come back to his old place and earn a decent living? What did the handle to his name signify? He had the tastes and capacity for the work. And then there was Elsie? The business, the modest capital that would go with it—were not to be despised. Her father needed a capable successor, and what more natural than that she should marry him, and put capital and brains together, and his heart yearned after the young man.

But he remembered the rumors heard, he thought of the family history. What would Sir Caradoc truly at three and thirty say of such a choice made at three and twenty? And he feared and hesitated, and held his hand and his tongue.

In the afternoon Caradoc took him for a drive which was to include Greenhead Howe and an introduction to "Quince's" namesake and relations.

It was a fine clear afternoon with white rolling clouds in a blue sky, the country was at its freshest and best. Caradoc pointed out each rock, path, or torrent. He spoke of them with a pride of knowledge and ownership which he did not try to conceal. It was the last time.

"It was my heart's desire to show this place to her," he said, gravely and openly. "That will never be now. But I should like you to tell her about it. The hydro. will have to mend these roads if the 'charming and picturesque drives through the neighboring hill-country,' which they desire to advertise are to please their convalescents. A few benches too for pedestrians, and perhaps a shelter here and there, would be a great improvement."

"There's something to be said for a bench when you are too old and rheumatic to sit on the grass."

"Especially on such spongy turf as

ours too frequently is. Moss cushions are apt to be damp," returned Caradoc. "We don't keep pixies here," he added, "as they do on Dartmoor. If we did, how they would enjoy misleading the hydros! Nobody would get in in time for dinner!"

Mr. Elsworthy noted the accent of bravado in Caradoc's tone, but he took no notice.

"Have you any local superstitions?" he said.

"No, I think not. We don't walk! We haven't got one good square ghost. But—perhaps we're 'imprisoned in the viewless winds, and blown with restless violence round about' these old places. Sometimes I think so. I should come back, but nobody would know it!"

He laughed in an odd excited tone, and broke off to point out a heron sailing across the valley.

They brought Mr. Quince back to dinner, after the Marsdales had been duly admired and the recluse made himself very agreeable; yet, somehow, his existence seemed to David Elsworthy a bad precedent, a weight in the balance against his nephew's future prosperity.

"What?" said Quince, "sign the paper to-morrow? Why not do it to-night, if Mr. Elsworthy goes so early. Bring them out—here are witnesses—get it done, my lad and off your mind."

"No," said Caradoc, "I'll not do it to-night. I shall do it to-morrow."

He went away to fetch some enamels which he said he had forgotten to show to Mr. Elsworthy, and Quince said, "Ah, it comes hard on him. There's no help for it. I had thought there might have been—I've had a try—but it's not to be done. He's a nice fellow."

"I found him so," said Mr. Elsworthy.

"Yes—there's no harm in Crad. He's kind and tender-hearted—but God knows whether he'll weather the storm! The odds are against it."

Caradoc's bedroom was high up and looked over the valley across to Scunner Head. That night he opened his window and let in the wind that was driving the cloud masses heavily across the moonlit sky. He had not known what the last step would cost him. It was not loss of position, not want of hope in life, that made up his agony. It was a tearing of the heart strings that he could not analyze nor understand. He shed passionate tears, his soul seemed to go out on the wild wind to the crags, and the heather and the fine short turf of the hill-side—to all that seemed to him but the outer coating of himself.

"Elsie—Elsie—Elsie!" he cried aloud.

She was his one anchor in the storm, the one live hope remaining. And the love of her brought him back to himself. The world would still be before him. And suddenly a new thought struck into his mind.

He shut the window and turned his back on it, and sat down by the table. He had suddenly remembered his god-

father, the Mr. Morgan who had been a friend of his mother and aunts, and was a man with some sort of prosperous business of whom Mr. Quince had spoken. Caradoc had read of him in the old letters he had been examining, he guessed that the rich man had been in love with his mother.

"I'll go to him," he thought. "He might give me a place in his office. Uncle Quince must know about him. That's what I'll do. What made me think of it, I don't know, but God help me to succeed in it!"

So Caradoc went to bed with a purpose instead of hopeless sorrowing, and came down the next morning outwardly, and in a measure, inwardly calm.

"There's the parson coming up the drive," he said, as he laid out the hydro. papers on the library table. "Here are pens and ink. I'll just look at the letters till old Tunstall comes. What's this long blue one? It looks legal and business-like. Some unknown mischief probably, I'll look at that first."

Christabel Coleridge.

The Sunday Magazine.

(To be continued.)

SOUL-WANDERING AS IT CONCERNS ANIMALS.

In one of those enigmatic sayings which launch the mind on boundless seas, Cardinal Newman remarked that we know less of animals than of angels. A large part of the human race explains the mystery by what is called transmigration, metempsychosis, *Samsara*, *Seelenwanderung*; the last a word so compact and picturesque that it is a pity not to imitate it in English. The intelligibility of ideas depends much on whether words touch the spring of the picture-making wheel of the brain; "Soul-wandering" does this.

Ancient as the theory is, we ought to

remember what is commonly forgotten—that somewhere in the extreme distance we catch sight of a time when it was unknown, at least in the sense of a procession of the soul from death to life through animal forms. Traces of it are to be found in the Sutras and it is thoroughly developed in the Upanishads, but if the Sutras belong to the thirteenth century and the Upanishads to about the year 700 before Christ, a long road still remains to the Vedas with their fabulous antiquity.

In the Vedas it is stated that the soul may wander, even during sleep,

and that it will surely have a further existence after death, but there is nothing to show that in this further existence it will take the form of an animal. Man will be substantially man, able to feel the same pleasures as his prototype on earth; but if he goes to a good place, exempt from the same pains. What, then, was the Vedic opinion of animals? On the whole, it is safe to assume that the authors of the Vedic chants believed that animals, like men, entered a soul-world in which they preserved their identity. The idea of funeral sacrifices, as exemplified in these earliest records, was that of sending some one before. The horse and the goat that were immolated at a Vedic funeral were intended to go and announce the coming of the man's soul. Wherever victims were sacrificed at funerals, they were originally meant to do something in the after life; hence they must have had souls. The origin of the Suttee was the wish that the wife should accompany her husband, and among primitive peoples animals were sacrificed because the dead man might have need of them. Not very long ago an old Irish woman, on being remonstrated with for having killed her dead husband's horse, replied with the words, "Do you think I would let my man go on foot in the next world?"¹ Apart from what hints may be gleaned from the Vedas, there is an inherent probability against the early Aryans, any more than the modern Hindu, believing that the soul of man or beast comes suddenly to a full stop. To destroy spirit seems to the Asiatic mind as impossible as to destroy matter seems to the biologist.

Leaving the Vedas and coming down

to the Sutras and Upanishads, we discover the transmigration of souls at first suggested and then clearly defined. Whence came it? Was it the belief of those less civilized nations whom the Aryans conquered, and did they, in accepting it from them, give it a moral complexion by investing it with the highly ethical significance of an upward or downward progress occasioned by the merits or demerits of the soul in a previous state of being?

A large portion of mankind finds it as difficult to conceive a sudden beginning as a sudden end of spirit. We forget difficulties which we are not in the habit of facing; those who have tried to face this one have generally stumbled over it. Even Dante with his subtle psycho-physiological reasoning hardly persuades. The ramifications of a life before stretched far: "Whosoever believes in the fabled prior existence of souls, let him be anathema," thundered the Council of Constantinople, A.D. 543. Which shows that many Christians shared Origen's views on this subject.

From the moment that soul-wandering became, in India, a well-established doctrine, some three thousand years ago, the conception of the status of animals was perfectly clear. "Wise people," says the Bhagavad Gita, "see the same soul (Atman) in the Brahman, in worms and insects, in the outcasts, in the dog and the elephant, in beasts, cows, gaddies and gnats." Here we have the doctrine succinctly expounded, and in spite of subtleties introduced by later philosophers (such as that of the outstanding self) the exposition holds good to this day as a statement of the faith of India. It also described the doctrine of Pythagoras, which an-

¹ The other day on visiting that wonderfully emotion-awakening relic, the Viking ship at Christiania, I was interested to see the bones of the Chief's horses and dogs as well as his own. Did the Norsemen, passionately devoted

to the sea as they were, suppose that not only the animals, but also the vessel in which they buried their leader, would have a ghostly second existence? I have no doubt that they did.

cient traditions asserted that he brought from Egypt, where no such doctrine ever existed. Pythagoras is still commonly supposed to have borrowed from Egypt; but it is strange that a single person should still continue to hold an opinion against which so much evidence has been produced; especially as it is surely very easy to explain the tradition by interpreting Egypt to have stood for "the East" in common parlance, exactly as in Europe a tribe of low caste Indians came to be called gypsies or Egyptians. Pythagoras believed that he had been one of the Trojan heroes, whose shield he knew at a glance in the Temple of Junc where it was hung up. After him, Empedocles thought that he had passed through many forms, amongst others those of a bird and a fish. Pythagoras and his fire-spent disciple belong to times which seem almost near if judged by Indian computations: yet they are nebulous figures; they seem to us, and perhaps they seemed to men who lived soon after them, more like mysterious, half Divine bearers of a word than men of flesh and blood. But Plato, who is real to us and who has influenced so profoundly modern thought, Plato took their theory and displayed it to the western world as the most logical explanation of the mystery of being.

The theory of transmigration did not commend itself to Roman thinkers, though it was admirably stated by a Roman poet:—

Omnia mutantur: nihil interit. Errat,
et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet
occupat artus
Spiritus, eque feris, humana in corpora
transit,
Inque feras noster, nec tempore deperit
ullo.
Utpue novis facilis signatur cera
figuris,
Nec manet ut fuerat, nec formas ser-
vat easdem,

Sed tamen ipsa eadem est; animam
sic semper eandem
Esse.

This description is as accurate as it is elegant; but it remains a question whether Ovid had anything deeper than a folk-lorist's interest in transmigration joined to a certain sympathy which it often inspires in those who are fond of animals. The enthusiastic folk-lorist finds himself believing in all sorts of things at odd times. Lucien's admirers at Rome doubtless enjoyed his ridiculous story of a Pythagorean cock which had been a man, a woman, a prince, a subject, a fish, a horse and a frog, and which summed up its varied experience in the judgment that man was the most wretched and deplorable of all creatures, all others patiently grazing within the enclosures of Nature while man alone breaks out and strays beyond those safe limits. This story was retold with great gusto by Erasmus. The Romans were a people with inclusive prejudices, and they were not likely to welcome a narrowing of the gulf between themselves and the beasts of the field. Cicero's dictum that, while man looks before and after, analyzing the past and forecasting the future, animals have only the perception of the present, does not go to the excess of those later theorists who, like Descartes, reduced animals to automata, but it goes farther than scientific writers on the subject would now allow to be justified.

It is worth while asking, what was it that so powerfully attracted Plato in the theory of transmigration? I think that Plato, who made a science of the moral training of the mind, was attracted by soul-wandering as a scheme of soul-evolution. Instead of looking at it as a matter of fact which pre-supposed an ethical root (which is the Indian view) he looked upon it as an ethical root which pre-supposed a matter of fact. He was influenced a little,

no doubt, by the desire to get rid of Hades, "an unpleasant place," as he says, "and not true," for which he felt a peculiar antipathy, but he was influenced far more by seeing in soul-wandering a rational theory of the ascent of the soul, a Darwinism of the spirit. "We are plants," he said, "not of earth but of heaven," but it takes the plants of heaven a long time to grow.

We ought to admire the Indian mind, which first seized the idea of time in relation to development and soared out of the cage of history (veritable or imaginary) into liberal æons to account for one perfect soul, one plant that had accomplished its heavenly destiny. But though the Indian seer argues with Plato that virtue has its own reward (not so much an outward reward of improved environment as an inward reward of approximation to perfection), he disagrees with the Greek philosopher with regard to the practical result of all this as it affects any of us personally. Plato found the theory of transmigration entirely consoling; the Indian finds it entirely the reverse. Can the reason be, that Plato took the theory as a beautiful symbol while the Indian takes it as a dire reality?

The Hindu is as much convinced that the soul is reborn in different animals as we are that children are born of women. He is convinced of it, but he is not consoled by it. Let us reflect a little; does not one life give us time to get somewhat tired of it; how should we feel after fifteen hundred lives? The wandering Jew has never been thought an object of envy, but the wandering soul has a wearier lot; it knows the sorrows of all creation.

How many births are past I cannot tell,

How many yet may be no man may say,

But this alone I know and know full well

That pain and grief embitter all the way.²

Rather than this—death. How far deeper the gloom revealed by these lines from the folk-songs of an obscure Dravidian tribe living in the Nilgiri Hills, than any which cultured Western pessimism can show. Compared with them, the despairing cry of Baudelaire seems almost a hymn of joy:—

'Tis death that cheers and gives us strength to live,

'Tis life's chief aim, sole hope that can abide,

Our wine, elixir, glad restorative

Whence we gain heart to walk till eventide.

Through snow, through frost, through tempests it can give

Light that pervades th' horizon dark and wide;

The inn which makes secure when we arrive

Our food and sleep, all labor laid aside.

It is an Angel whose magnetic hand Gives quiet sleep and dreams of ecstasy,

And strews a bed for naked folk and poor.

'Tis the god's prize, the mystic granary,

The poor man's purse and his old native land,

And of the unknown skies the opening door.

Folk songs are more valuable aids than the higher literature of nations in an enquiry as to what they really believe. The religion of the Dravidian mountaineers is purely Aryan (though their race is not); their songs may be taken, therefore, as Aryan documents. They are particularly characteristic of the dual belief as to a future state

² "Folk Songs of Southern India," by Charles E. Gover, a fascinating but little-known work.

which is, to this day, widely diffused. How firmly these people believe in transmigration the quatrain quoted above bears witness; yet they also believe that souls are liable to immediate judgment. This contradiction is explained by the theory that a long interval may elapse between death and re-incarnation and that during this interval the soul meets with a reward or punishment. To say the truth, the explanation sounds a rather lame one. Is it not more likely that the idea of immediate judgment, wherever it appears, is a relic of Vedic belief which has to be reconciled, as best it can, with the later idea of transmigration? The Dravidian songs are remarkable for their strong inculcation of regard for animals. In their impressive funeral dirge which is a public confession of the dead man's sins, it is owned that he killed a snake, a lizard and a harmless frog. And that not mere life-taking was the point condemned, is clearly proved by the further admission that the delinquent put the young ox to the plough before it was strong enough to work. In a Dravidian vision of Heaven and Hell certain of the Blest are perceived milking their happy kine, and it is explained that these are they who, when they saw the lost kine of neighbor or stranger in the hills, drove them home nor left them to perish from tiger or wolf. Surely in this, as in the Jewish command which it so closely resembles, we may read mercy to beast as well as to man.

It is sometimes said that there is as much cruelty to animals in India as anywhere—perhaps more. Some of this cruelty (as it seems to us) is caused directly by reluctance to take life; of the other sort, caused by callousness, it can be only said that if men are often better than their creeds they are often worse. One great fact is admitted: children are not cruel in India: Victor Hugo could not have written his

terrible poem about the tormented toad in India. I think it a mistake to attribute the Indian humane sentiment towards animals wholly to transmigration; nevertheless, it may be granted that such a belief fosters such a sentiment. Indeed, if it were allowable to look upon the religion of the many as the morality of the one, it would seem natural to suppose that the theory of transmigration was invented by some creature-loving sage on purpose to give men a fellow-feeling for their humbler relations. Even so, many a bit of innocent folk-fable has served as "protective coloration" to beast or bird: the legend of the robin who covered up the Babes in the Wood; the legend of the swallow who did some little service to the crucified Saviour, and how many other such tender fancies. Who invented them, and why?

Unfortunately, folk-lore has not always done beasts and birds "good turns." How many owls, the farmer's best friends, have been nailed on barn-doors because Yama sent an owl as his messenger! Yama also had his two dogs, one brindled and one brown, who are equally well known to us. I have come to the conclusion that very few persons are quite incredulous about the death portent of the howling dog. But though Yama's dogs carried his message to men, there seems to have been originally no prejudice against them. They had another office, which was either to keep the wicked from entering in, or to bark at the evil spirits who would fain have seized the souls of the just on their journey. The brindled hound, "Sabala," has been thought to be a kinsdog of Cerberus, but the identification is dubious. If Plato had wished simply to find a happy substitute for Hades, he might have found it—had he looked far enough—in the Vedic kingdom of the sun, radiant and eternal, where sorrow is not, where the crooked are made straight, ruled

over by Yama, the first man to die, and the first to live again, death's bright angel, lord of the holy departed—how far from Pluto and the "Tartarean gray." It would not have provided a solution to the mystery of being, but it might have made many converts, for after a happy heaven all antiquity thirsted.

It is not sure if the scheme of existence mapped out in soul-wandering is really more consoling for beast than for man. It is a poor compliment to some dogs to say that they have been some men. Then, again, it is recognized as easier for a dog to be good than for a man to be good, but after a dog has

passed his little life in well-doing he dies with the prospect that his spirit, which by his merits becomes again a man, will be sent down, by that man's transgressions, to the society of jackals. According to the doctrine of soul-wandering, animals are, in brief, the Purgatory of men. Just as prayers for the dead (which means prayers for the remission to them of a merited period of probation) represent an important branch of Catholic observances, so prayers for the remission of a part of the time which souls would otherwise spend in animal forms constitute the most vital and essential feature in Brahmanical worship.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

The Contemporary Review.

THE CORONATION OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

[Skirbeck House, Weymouth,
May 8th, 1902.

Dear Mr. Knowles,—Among my father's papers I have come across an old and faded letter, written to his mother (Mrs. Eardley Childers) by her cousin, then the Hon. Maria Twisleton (afterwards Twisleton-Fiennes), only daughter of Lord Saye and Sele. Miss Twisleton afterwards married Count Ernest de Gersdorff. Some of the details of George the Fourth's Coronation appear curious and interesting at the present moment.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Spencer Childers.]

July 20th, 1821.

Let the date of this letter my dearest Maria testify at least the *willingness* of my endeavors to fulfil your wishes, at the same time I must prelude all my attempts at description by *really* and *truly* assuring you of my complete inability to give you anything approaching to an adequate idea of the

glorious scene of yesterday, which indeed even baffled the exhaustless powers of imagination. I am also I candidly confess to you doubly discouraged, on finding that the British Press of to-day has given so accurate and full a detail that I cannot hope to rival it, in every minute circumstance, it is so faithful that Mama means to preserve it for you, in case you should not have seen it. As neither papers or historians will relate what happened to us during the day, my pen shall endeavor to amuse you by doing so. At half past four, my toilette commenced, a low Court Plume with a bunch of silver vine-leaves and ears of Corn; a figured white Net with blue China-Assters and a blue and silver tissue scarf was my dress. Mama was in white and silver with a beautiful scarf of the same. Soon after six we were in the Carriage, and joined the line at the beginning of Grosvenor Place, only conceive; this lasted for a foot's-pace to

the Abbey altho' people had been going from three o'clock (Mrs. Dawkins and her party among the number). At eight we entered the House of Lords where we first heard of the confusion and dismay Her Majesty had just occasioned, and Ferrars Loftus and several others of our acquaintance had formed the ranks to arrest her progress. She certainly sustained her rôle quite in character on this occasion, but never experienced so humiliating a punishment. The Coup d'Oeil on our first entering the hall was heightened by the magnificent lustres suspended from the arches of the roof, and which announced to us the length of time we must expect to remain. The Musicians stationed on the ramparts of the Tower within the Hall (at the extremity of it) announced the entrance of the King and we had a fine perspective view of the presentation of the Regalia. This was chiefly performed by Lord Gwydyr, the deputy of Lady Cholmondeley and Lady Willoughby. He was indeed one of the principal actors of the day, and from his fine commanding figure and very dignified and graceful manner, the effect was much heightened. Miss Fellowes, the Herbswoman (with whom I am well acquainted) was seated immediately opposite to us during this time, attended by six very pretty girls, the simplicity of whose white crape dresses covered with garlands of flowers formed a striking contrast to the gorgeous robes of Peers, Knights and Prelates who were ranging in procession to follow these fair Floras. Gold Baskets of Grecian shape filled with choicest sweets, were ranged at their feet, and as they passed they presented a Magnolia to us. Miss Bond (Mrs. Graham's niece) was one of the young ladies. Imagination must again assist you my dear Maria to form an idea of the splendor of the Procession as it passed along the Hall to the Abbey. Prince Leopold was the most

graceful and interesting figure in it; he wore his usual air of deep melancholy, and doubtless every one present shared with him the remembrance of *her* who is gone to wear a heavenly crown. Lord Londonderry was the next most imposing figure both from his Dress and handsome person. The Duke of Devonshire carrying the Orb looked best in the robes from his height. The King was pale as death when he passed in the morning and looked dreadfully ill, probably the consequence of the annoyance the Queen had just caused him, and partly from natural anxiety for the event of the day. He wore a chevelure of long brown ringlets like the picture of Charles and a Hat and feathers like Henri quatre which was very unbecoming. During part of the ceremony in the Abbey, the King seemed quite overcome, and I never saw anything like the anxiety with which Lord Gwydyr, Lord Howard of Effingham, the Duke of Wellington and those immediately round him seemed to watch his countenance and apprehend his fainting. He smelt at something they gave him, and it was with great pleasure we saw him afterwards when crowned and during the rest of the evening, looking better than I ever saw him, and in animated spirits. The Crown became him exceedingly and was like all the rest of his habiliments unparalleled in magnificence.

We had the best places in the Abbey, being in Lady Gwydyr's Box which was immediately over the Altar next the Choir, and opposite the ambassadors and illustrious foreigners. It was rich in beauty; all the Paget family, Lady Uxbridge and la belle et fière Roxelane included, Lady Jersey, the Duchess of Bedford and her lovely niece Miss Russell and above all Lady Elizabeth Conyngham, and the Star to whom true as the needle to the Pole, the King during the whole day constantly turned his eye. She looked

most beautiful, and appeared affected during the fine and awful service; he smiled at her when it was over, as if to assure her he was well. Nothing could be finer than the anthems, "loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blest voices uttering joy." The King prostrated himself with very striking signs of devotion, and during all the prayers appeared most attentive and reverent. I saw him sign the Oath, having kissed the Holy Bible; he threw aside the first pen he tried, being like mine at this moment a bad one, and he improved the second by passing it between his lips. The girding on the jewelled sword, and putting on the signet Ring were pleasing sights, but I think the electrifying moment of all was when the royal Crown was placed on his head: the Cannon fired, the Trumpets sounded, and all the Peers put on their Coronets, whilst the Abbey actually rang with peals of acclamations which seemed as tho' they could have waked the mighty dead sleeping beneath its vaults. The Sermon which I heard distinctly, rivals Bishop Burnet's noble letter, and was delivered by the finest voice I almost ever heard. On our return to the Hall, when we again saw the whole procession pass amidst loud cheers, the heat became excessive from the lighting of the thousand candles added to a glorious evening sun. His majesty retired to repose for an hour and a half, whilst the Banquet was prepared, and those in the Galleries had the pleasure of seeing fruit and refreshments in profusion like poor Reynard's grapes far beyond their reach. I must say the noble Lords did ample justice to them, as they did not even wait for Majesty but eat without intermission for about three hours, occasionally throwing up a Peach or Bunch of Grapes by stealth to the starved *above*. Many persons fainted; Princess Esterhazy was carried out,

and Mr. Petre who was Page to his Uncle the Duke of Norfolk, told me he was throwing cold water so plentifully over her, that the Prince Esterhazy exclaimed "Oh take care, take care you will spoil her Dress." On the King's return to his throne the Banquet began, and I peeped at some worthy Aldermen beneath me, whose plates were piled with Venison. The entrance of the three Peers on their Chargers preceding the service of Gold Plate for the Royal Table was *most striking* their backing out *wonderful* particularly Lord Anglesey; the prettiest thing was to see the Duke of Wellington's second Son, a lovely Boy acting as Page to his father, and anxiously patting and endeavoring to restrain the impetuosity of his proud steed. The Champion threw down his Gauntlet admirably three times with well acted defiance, and backed with the Gold Cup in his hand in the finest style. The moment the King rose to drink the health of the Peers and his people standing was impressive and he did it with all his dignified grace. The Acclamations which followed this, and also every verse of "God Save the King" were almost overpowering. At eight o'clock when all was over, we all descended from the Galleries, and having only had a piece of biscuit and some fruit during the whole day, we were most happy to be seated at the Tables where Lord James Murray and some kind persons helped us to every delicacy we could wish for. The Ladies then actually seized the privilege of the nobility and despoiled the Tables of every moveable ornament to carry away as Trophies. A poor little chorister came to petition me for a Cottage to preserve, and the scene was quite amusing. I had a Gold Basket and some Bonbons sent me the next day to keep with the archives of the family. The remainder of the Evening the House of Lords was thronged with impatient multitudes to

get their Carriages, ours arrived most fortunately at twelve, but many did not till three in the morning. The Stair-Case was strewed with Lawyers and Aldermen who having partaken too plentifully of Turtle were laying down unable to move, and Groans of the snoring were heard. I found Charlotte Leycester laying on the stairs, and I rested by her. This was an amusing part of the finale. Little Georgina Bentinck, Lady Emily Cowper, Lady Gwydyr's little girls and some other children were in the Box with us; they were obliged to wear wreaths of swans-down feathers. A dreadful catastrophe to this glorious day was averted by the hand of Providence. The Peeresses were all to-gether in a Box in the Hall

The Nineteenth Century and After.

immediately over the royal table, no gentlemen were admitted into their seats, conceive their dismay when soon after the King's return to the throne, they perceived a Man amongst them with a Pistol levelled at the royal platform and another in his Belt. Lady Ashbrook told me she was immediately before him, some screamed, the Police officers in an instant came in and seized him; it is said that it is a man who has long declared his intention to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Culling Charles Smith with Miss Fitzroy and Miss Emily were next to us in a Box at the Abbey; they reminded me of the brilliant figure poor Lady Worcester would have made there.

IN THE CURE'S GARDEN.

I.

I discovered it in summer. I do not know what it is like in spring; golden with daffodils, perhaps, and haunted by hidden violets, walled in by lilac trees, and sweetened with the scent of may.

I can imagine it to be the first meeting-place of budding things, a garden of the resurrection, where the birds re-assemble to re-capture last year's song, and mate again, and build their nests anew.

Then when the trees are leafless, or just starting into bud, one must see the convent on the hill more plainly, and hear less clearly, above the bird's busy twitter, the bell tinkle across the fields. Then, in the skeleton poplar avenue, one may be able even to distinguish the figures of the good Sisters of our Lady of Compassion, as they pace slowly up and down. To-day,

one cannot catch a glimpse of them, but only now and then the outline of the distant walls, between green branches where they part.

In spring, Père Laurent says the garden has an air *plus déni*, l'odeur *plus fraîche*, et plus consacré au repos.

I can believe it; in these August days, the scents are heavy, insistent, almost over-sweet; the colors, fiercely brilliant, still more luminous at early twilight, in the narrow walks where among roses the carnations bloom. Was not their odor almost passionate? I asked him once, in one of our little discursive talks, and were they not *par excellence* the flowers of seduction and desire?

Par excellence, he agreed; adding that yet it was well they should be there, diffusing their distracting fragrance; they were reminders of the world, the flesh: *fleurs des sens, fantômes de la chair, toujours tentant et qui doivent toujours être crucifiées.*

This sultry afternoon, however, it was not Père Laurent whom I had come to see. I passed him in the village and he stopped me to say that I should assuredly find Anita, if I were bound that way; that she would "make his amend" for absence, and if I were pleased to loiter, he would return later to smoke a pipe with me. I was content with the proposed "amend."

Though both could speak it (the Curé had taught Anita; where he himself had learned it I do not know), they "loved not the English," and would sometimes slip suddenly for relief or emphasis into the more natural tongue.

"Ah," Anita would cry, vainly seeking expression for a too subtle phrase, "here is one of the things you cannot say. It suffices only that you think it; but in your language,—truly a great one, but *lourd*, you pardon me? it is a thought *enterrée*; do you call it dumb?"

I thrust open the little gate through which the Curé's mutinous flowers were pushing, peeping into the white forsaken road to catch the gallant glances of some passer-by. There were so few to pass, the truants might peer safely as Anita who cared so much less than they for passers-by. At most they would only encounter some straggling figure, following half-a-dozen dreamy cows; a straying child, or a boy whistling, who would smite their flushed faces as he went past them with his swinging hand. And later, towards evening, Père Laurent himself, leisurely walking homeward—a sombre figure, the last gleams of sunlight catching the silver buckles of his shoes.

The low white house of the Curé hid itself in summer-time behind the garden, modestly leaving welcome to the flowers. As I strolled in, I could see, beyond lines of pink and crimson blossom, the ponderous figure of Henriette

taking in the clothes, which dry so quickly in this summer sun. Her voice disturbed the slumbrous stillness of the sunshine; she was singing in her unmelodious alto, *O que j'aime les militaires!*

I sat down on the little bench under the chestnut tree, where Père Laurent was wont to bring his books and smoke peacefully, till the twilight dimmed their pages, with Anita sitting smiling over her *méditations* by his side. I did not mean to seek her this afternoon; she was probably in the kitchen, devising some simple surprise for the Curé's evening meal. By-and-by she would saunter along the scented path and find me, and I awaited the child's greeting, the accustomed: "Ah! it is you, monsieur? a thousand welcomes," and the gracious wave of the little hand. How long was it, I began to wonder, since that little hand had held me here? Only a few weeks in fact, and yet it seemed for a sweet eternity that I had loitered in the Curé's garden, to learn how bare a place without Anita the wider world might be. I found, not indeed a thousand, but one generous welcome here; always the wish on Père Laurent's lips that I would remain so long as I was not weary, always a smile to second it from the happy, musing child.

A step stole softly up behind me, and the "thousand welcomes" was in my ear.

"Where did you spring from?" I asked, springing up myself, as the girl before me rose and stood still as the sunshine under the green shade. "I imagined you in the kitchen, helping or hindering Henriette, and you appear, like an angel, suddenly to disperse my earthly dreams."

"Henriette is *méchante* to-day," she explained; "it is the washing that discomposes her. I have taken myself away."

"That is not pretty in you; you should have more sympathy."

"*Vous êtes bien sympathique,*" she returned, laughing, "because you do not live always with Henriette."

"Then if you are tired of Henriette, perhaps you are pleased to see me? I have no washing; I am prepared to be very gay."

"Am I not always enchanted to see you?" she questioned simply. "You are the friend of *le petit père*, and you speak of something new—something original; Henriette, all the days, and the years, says always the same. That wearies sometimes, *Dieu me pardonne!* Truly I have my meditations, and they do not tire, but sometimes—sometimes," she said with a little gesture of unusual abandonment, "it is too warm for them, I become confused; you understand?"

This little person of seventeen was curiously indifferent to her loveliness; the wonderful dreaming eyes had never lodged a conscious glance, the delicate fruit-like skin flushed only under the sun's too ardent gaze. She accepted what she called *un compliment* with the prettiest air of indulgence; it pleased the giver, it was therefore but natural she should be pleased.

Very early I had dispensed with *compliments*, and spoke with her more simply, choosing phrases fitted to a child.

"Yet you would be sorry," I said, "to lose Henriette, to go away from her; you would miss her scolding and her care?"

"Yes," she admitted, "I should be desolated; but," and her face took on a serious, almost exalted look, "some day it may happen that it must be."

"When you marry, perhaps?" I ventured. "Perhaps she would not leave you; she would want to go with you."

"That is not what I meant," she said. "It is not of marriage that I think."

"In your meditations?"

"Truly no."

"Is it then a forbidden thought?"

"*Une pensée défendue? Peut-être.*" She paused to consider, clasping her hands, glancing reflectively upwards at the motionless, dazzling sky.

"It is of the world," she replied at last, "which we do not figure to ourselves, *le petit père* and I."

It was thus she always spoke of him, in distinction, as she had explained to me, from "*le grand Père, c'est Dieu.*" The two were inseparable in her thoughts; she included them habitually in every consideration; and though she had mentioned once, with a touch of hesitancy, "*un autre, bien différent; je ne l'ai jamais vu,*" of him she never spoke again. What place he claimed in her musings, I could not conjecture, but it was clear and not remarkable that he was the least real of the three.

"Would you not like to see this world?" I asked at length, while she unclasped her hands, and seating herself on the bench beside me, took out a little book which she always carried, a tiny volume of devotions, bound in old morocco, and richly tooled in faded gold.

At my question she put it down, and faced me with one of her serenest smiles.

"It has not occupied my thoughts," she said. "Is it truly very beautiful? You must know, you who have seen it all."

"It is not so beautiful as your garden," I answered, returning the fresh interrogative glance; "but it is full of faces, and voices, and wonderful churches with arches so high that your eyes grow tired in looking up at them; there are great *salons*, where ladies dance in marvellous costumes, and streets with tall houses, where carriages are always rolling up and down."

"It is then a spectacle very amusing," she conceded; "but there would appear to be too much of distraction, too little of peace. Is it not so?"

Taking lightly one of the little hands lying upon her knee, "Anita," I said "if some one should offer to show it you really, would you like that? would you go?"

"*Véritablement?*" She had read no second meaning in my question, and looked into my eyes with frank, friendly negation. "No, Monsieur Vidal, it would not be possible, it is not my destiny."

"But," I persisted, "if the *petit père* were willing, if he wished it, you would be content; you would like to see the wonderful churches, and wear the wonderful gowns, if, let us suppose, I were to take you and he would trust you to me?"

"Assuredly, it would be a festival, a thing of which to dream. But we are talking stupidities this afternoon," she laughed, and ended, "And well you know he would not permit it; demand it of *le petit père*."

"I came this afternoon to ask him, but first it was my mission to ask you."

The tranquil eyes regarded me without a flicker of surprise, with reflective quietude. "You are in jest? you are playing a little game of conversation?"

"No," I said gravely. "Mademoiselle Anita, I am very anxious to marry you."

She met the announcement with childish composure. "It is not possible," she said again, with a slightly accentuated conclusiveness. "It is not my destiny. But it is a very charming proposition. You are very kind."

"You are not very kind," I said gently, somewhat rebuffed by the clear glance, the unmoved attitude.

"My response displeases you. Ah!" she thrust out a little persuasive hand, put an appealing touch upon my arm. "You will become a stranger, and you have been our friend; ah, no, you must not do that; he would miss you, *le petit père*."

"But if it is, as you say, impossible, if you cannot love me?"

"Can it be otherwise," she asked simply, "when I have never occupied myself with love?"

"Will you begin to think of it a little; begin to think of *me*?"

"I have always retained you in my thoughts; in my prayers also, though you are not of our faith; I shall remember you, yes always, but not *comme ça*."

"You are decided?"

"It is decided for me." She put out her hand and added with singular simplicity and sweetness, "Will you also remember me, and that it is not I, *mon ami*, who decide?"

"Then I may not speak to Père Laurent? It was for that I came this afternoon. You forbid it?"

"It is not for me to forbid. But he would say precisely as I have said."

"That it is not your destiny?"

"*C'est positif*. Yes, he would make that explanation. It may be well that you should address yourself to him. It is possible he will give you the reasons why it cannot be?"

Her rejection was so positive, so persistent, that for the moment I was disinclined to combat it. I got up to go.

She arrested me with quick reproach. "You are going? I have gravely displeased you; you are wounded. Will you never return? You are not about to leave us with an aspect so *sévère*."

"Why should I stay when you dismiss me?"

"I do not do that. I implore you to remain. You have been so much our friend; is that forgotten? Then it is true what they say of it, *l'amour est la passion cruelle qui désole et qui trahit*."

Her distress was unmistakable; it cast the first shadow which I had ever seen upon that exquisitely cloudless face. I yielded to it and said caressingly, "Then I will stay."

"To supper?" she demanded quickly.

"If you are so good." This definite

assent restored to her the familiar untroubled smile. "And you will perhaps gather me some flowers to take back with me?"

The suggestion delighted, completely reassured her.

"*Voyons*. You shall make your choice immediately, and I will preserve them till the sad moment when we say 'good-night.' To commence, then—carnations, I divine rightly they are the favorites." She bent over the crowded beds to make a critical selection. "It must not be too small, the bouquet," she decided; "that—I repeat your expression in the affair of Henriette—would not be 'pretty' for us, and one too big, that will appear ridiculous for you. It is in fact the size." She held it out for admiration and approval. "I present it to you now, monsieur; I will render it up," she paused in preparation for a triumphant idiom, "by-and-by."

"By-and-by is perfect," I said, "as perfect as the bouquet." I took it from her. "You and your flowers, Mademoiselle Anita, have some strange affinity. When I think of you, it is as if I thought of them, and when I think of them, it is as if I thought of you."

"You think too much of them," she admonished gravely, "I have remarked it. You give to them imaginations, dispositions of your own; they are not what you make of them and they have no relationship with me. I see them as I see the sky, *de loin, mais nous ne nous touchons pas*, we scarcely smile, we do not speak, we are not *en rapport*."

"I do not believe it; see," I thrust towards her the scented nosegay, "they are speaking now. I do not, but you ought to understand what they say."

"It is not speech, this beautiful odor; it is solely their breath, their life. Truly, we are apart; we have the life immortal, and their existence is but during the spring, the summer—very short."

"Is that one of your '*méditations*'?"

"Ah, no, they are more *sérieuses*. But look," she cried; she had caught sight of the Curé's upright figure at the top of the descending road. He was walking slowly down the hill. "We will go to meet him."

"Presently," I suggested, "the flowers will want some water."

Throwing upon me a little glance of mockery, she suggested, "if they are so *sensibles*, as you believe, they will have patience till our return. Give them to me; you devise fine phrases for them, and yet I have more faith in them than you."

She led the way down the path, opened the little gate, stooping there to gather from the bush of roses another straggling bud.

"I perceive by his step," she said, "that he is tired; he is too often tired, *le petit père*. He will sit for an hour, two hours, with his head upon his hand, thus, and say nothing at all; and when he observes me, it is as if to say, 'Go then, Anita. I am too weary even for you.'"

"I have never noticed it."

"It is possible; with you he is gay, you make him smile; but I am less fortunate; why, I do not comprehend, but it is my unhappiness sometimes to make him sigh."

"That must be a fancy, merely," I protested.

"No," she insisted, "for I have not *des fantaisies*; it is the cloud which alone obscures my sunshine. It is so."

II.

Anita had left the table, supper was over, and we had pushed our chairs back, when Henriette, with an air of exasperated forbearance, presented herself to clear away.

Did we wish another meal? Or were we seated in preparation for *déjeuner*? What in fact was the meaning, the explanation of our obstructive presence?

she demanded vindictively, planting her massive person before the Curé and sweeping away his empty plate.

"A little more patience, Henriette, and you would be perfect," he responded mildly, and rising in reply to this expostulation.

Henriette retorted that if her patience were miraculous enough to meet the demands upon it, she would indeed be fit to die.

"Permit monsieur to think better of us; it is only five, or is it four minutes past the hour of dismissal, and we are going, Henriette, we go."

It was the fiat of this exacting hand-maid that the Curé should, after his evening meal, immediately retire and smoke elsewhere his pipe of peace. Tonight he had for the moment forgotten it, and was loitering in the forbidden room.

"*Ité! missa est,*" he said, leading into the garden and making his way to the bench where Anita had found me in the afternoon. "Women, alas! are either too sweet or too sour, there is no gradation with them; it is my experience, one doubtless that you have shared, Monsieur Vidal, one must make one's selection of the sugarplum or the pill, and these are both enemies of the constitution, is it not so? One does well to avoid both, if one may."

"You have found a sanctuary," I suggested, "which is not open to all of us, whence you can regard them undismayed."

"Truly, but, from the distance, one beholds them even more clearly; no man may know them better—or shall I say more profoundly—than does the priest."

He bade me seat myself and proceeded to light his pipe. His remarkable personality had from the first moment of our acquaintance attracted me, but it is not one easy to reproduce.

His tall, spare figure was erect and unmistakably commanding; his face, painfully thin, and black about the

shaven hollow cheeks and narrow chin, was youthful in outline, but in expression unnaturally mature, while the compressed unyielding lips—a common feature in the faces of the Roman priesthood—lent it a character impressive and severe. Not much over forty, a young man still, he wore a dignity, an authority, befitting a far greater age. Only about the eyes, between which two deep lines were cut, there lingered traces of repudiated youth. A fine incisiveness and an almost patriarchal gentleness were mingled in his speech, as in his nature there seemed to be at war two forces—a tenderness which God had given him and a severity which thought enjoined.

"Anita has flown," he said, taking a seat beside me; "she is undoubtedly at this moment the recipient of the monstrous wrongs of Henriette."

"She escaped from that martyred personage," I said, "this afternoon, to fall into my clutches; I fear I startled her, I spoke to her of—love."

He made a slight movement, knocked out the ashes, and relit his pipe.

"You made, in fact, a proposal? It was premature, Monsieur; you should have addressed yourself to me."

"It is our English fashion to, as we put it, sound the lady first. It is a sort of principle with us, or I should have paid more deference to yours."

"And having—what is the expression?—'sounded' Anita, how did she reply?"

"She referred me to you."

"Naturally; but she received your proposition with favor, with disfavor, which? I am interested. I should like to hear."

"She said that marriage was not her fate, or something of the sort; that you would tell me why."

"She said no more?"

"No more than that, but that was uttered very positively; she held out no hope, she was pitifully conclusive.

I look to you for a less mysterious and discouraging reception."

"She said truly," he replied, after a pause; "she is promised"—and he pointed through the branches towards the walls of the convent on the hill—"to the good sisters over there."

"It is monstrous, incredible," I broke forth, forgetting his restrictive presence.

"Nevertheless, I assure you, it is true." His response was cold and judicial, uttered almost without inflection; but with one of the strange transitions peculiar to him, he went on, touching a softer note. "*Je ne peux la chasser toutefois. Je suis faible, pas assez fort; mais un jour, un jour proche, il le faut.*"

"Why, then," I asked, "did you constantly invite me here and allow me to misinterpret your unstinted hospitality? Of course I supposed that it implied approval of my attitude towards Anita. You cannot have mistaken that. It must have been obvious that mine was more than a stranger's interest, that I meant to make more than a stranger's claim."

"I had complete confidence in Anita," he observed quietly. "Yes, it was sufficiently evident, the admiration, agreeably sincere; but at your age one has many admirations, yours will recover itself, *mon ami*; it is not fatal, this little affair. The child has not many pleasures, but few diversions, and your charming society was a recreation, a relief from my own, which is not always enchanting, and from that of Henriette, which is rarely so."

"It did not occur to you that I should not regard the matter so lightly; that to Anita herself it might not seem so trivial? You did not consider it probable that I was tremendously in earnest, or that she might possibly come to think of me not merely as a recreation or a relief?"

"I have a supreme confidence in Anita," he repeated, "and you perceive it has not been badly placed. For you, I repeat, there are many admirations. Confess this is not the first. There will follow—others."

"I have never wished to marry any woman before."

"Ah! then it appears to you very serious. I regret if I become responsible for a lacerated heart. But it will heal itself, my son, believe me, it will not draw the life-blood. Yet, in the future, I will take more care."

"It is serious enough," I returned, "and we may leave the question of its subsequent fate to conjecture; but at present, I protest against the shutting up of that beautiful child. For life; but it is not for life, it is for death, the most dreary death to which one mortal can condemn another. It is the worst kind of sacrilege. If it were not Anita, but any girl as bright and lovely, I should say the same."

"You are violent, monsieur, but this is a matter on which your countrymen think violently. It presents itself quite differently to us. There is, in the present case, no compulsion, no constraint, and what you represent as death is in reality a much higher life than that which is assigned to most women. It is a holy, a protected life."

I reined in, remarking, "I deserve your rebuke, Père Laurent, one should not let prejudice carry off one's courtesy; and of course Anita consents, she is a little monument of piety; but this destiny to which she refers so solemnly, and considers so unalterable, what does it amount to? What, after all, does it mean?"

"You desire to know?"

"If it is not an impertinent desire."

He devoted a second to reflection, and then announced simply, "Anita has a history common enough, but nevertheless sad. *C'est une enfant abandonnée*, and there remains, there

should remain, for such a one solely *la vie rêveuse*, the guardianship of angels, the victory of the soul. *La mère est morte*," he continued, in the easier tongue, "*peut-être pénitente, peut-être pardonnée, et l'enfant peut expier sa faute par le suprême supplice de femme, la mortification de la chair.*"

"You knew the mother?" I inquired.

"I have seen her—yes."

"I suppose she was beautiful? Was she like Anita? Do you remember her?"

"She was not of those," he replied meditatively, "whom one can forget. No, she did not resemble Anita; hers was a beauty upon which the holy angels could not smile. *Une beauté de ravissement, de perdition, mais la beauté, ah! Dieu le sait.*"

The description suggested a minute and vivid recollection, but I remarked merely, "Anita has avenged the angels. And the father?"

The pause was barely noticeable; it gave the Curé time, however, to remove an insect which had crawled up and found a barren shelter on his knee; but momentary as it was, it oppressed me.

"*Le père est inconnu*," he answered quietly. "*Nous ne le cherchons plus.*"

Nor did I seek him. I was content to examine, with new interest, the immovable, emaciated face before me, and as I did so, the Curé smiled.

"I am the guardian," he proceeded. "On one side at least—the mother's—her blood is noble; it is to that she owes the unique air of serenity, of distinction, which to her loveliness lends so fine a charm. But there is no money, only submission and a pure heart; the good sisters are willing to receive her, I have done as I have considered best."

"She is to suffer for, to expiate, her mother's fault? Her father's also, I presume."

"Both assuredly. *C'est assez juste.*"

"To sacrifice an innocent human victim for the atonement of a passably common sin? It is not pardonable," I said again, "it is monstrous. Of course you have reflected, but I beg you to reflect again."

"It is fitting, sad, perhaps, as you regard it, but just enough."

"It is, pardon me, almost pagan."

Then I put forth a studied and daring plea. "Père Laurent," I said, "can you imagine yourself the father, put yourself in the father's place? Face to face with the child, whom you had created, a beautiful creature, capable of blessing and even of purifying others; a real and visible atonement for that forgiven sin; would you destroy in her, for your own propitiation, all the natural instincts and pleasures which are possible to her? To you, the priest, they naturally assume a forbidden aspect, cannot perhaps appeal, but in the person I ask you, for the moment, to represent, would you deny to her the life that no one had denied you, which you yourself had generously enjoyed? Could you contemplate the years which would gradually rob this being, for whose welfare you were responsible, of youth and vigor and beauty, leaving no human alleviation, except the barren consolations of the religious life? I am pleading for Anita, in her unknown father's name. Surely our own sins bring us suffering enough, entail their expiation soon or late, but beyond this, in God's name, we are entitled to some freedom, some choice at least. And it is not credible that, with this legend of expiation in her ears, with her 'submission,' her 'pure heart,' and her complete ignorance of life, Anita has been in the position to make that choice."

He had listened attentively to this long speech, and said on its conclusion, "This is an eloquence, Monsieur, hardly English; but it befits the lover." I did not know whether to consider

the comment ironical or polite, until he added less ambiguously, "There is some reason, if too much passion, in what you say. You plead, in fact, that I should revoke the destiny?"

"That you should give Anita, at any rate, an alternative one."

He seemed to be pondering, deliberating, and after an interval of apparently deep reflection, he got up. His features, as he regarded me, remained impassive.

"I am, as you know, wealthy," I pursued, "I would not interfere with her religion. She should have extensive opportunities for charity; she should spend what she would, or what you recommended, in masses or intercessions for her parents' exacting souls."

"You are bitter," he answered at length, "and now perhaps you, yourself, are not scrupulously just. But I am inclined to be indulgent, I am almost persuaded to yield to your appeal. I do not expect that Anita will reverse her decision. But your plea is granted, Monsieur Vidal, I will accord to her the permission of choice. It is a great," he paused, as if on the point of wavering, "an almost terrible concession. I make it for the sake of Anita, who has grown very dear to me. It is a sacrifice, a tremendous one. I admit it. I make it for Anita's sake."

Catching his solemn tone, I replied: "Then in the name of her parents, in Anita's name, I thank you. It is a great concession. I am sensible of it, I am aware of that."

"In the name," he rejoined, "in which you have pleaded, I accept your acknowledgments, but I make one condition. The decision must be made in my presence, and I should prefer that it be made to-night."

"The sooner the better," I agreed. "May I fetch Anita now?"

"I will summon her myself," he said; adding, "this is your idea of justice.

what you call fair play. You notice, I make no effort to influence her; give myself no time; but you will allow me to make the proposition. Believe me, it is in your interest that I should."

I nodded assent, and he turned down the path, walking slowly towards the house. In a few minutes they returned together, and as they reached me he took Anita's hand.

"I have summoned you, my child," he began, "to make a momentous decision. Consider it without haste, *avec sérénité*. Monsieur Vidal has asked me for your hand. I have recounted to him your history, but I desire that you tell him yourself, quite openly, *franchement*, what is your *destinée*."

She cast upon him a glance of rapid question, and then recited simply, *C'est ma destinée de me dédier au Dieu, de prier toute la vie pour ma mère pécheresse et mon pauvre père inconnu.*

"C'est bien," he said, "but this evening, I place before you another picture. This gentleman is rich; he loves you, he does you the honor to choose you for his wife. If you desire to accept him for your husband, you have my sanction, my permission. He will not disturb your faith. He offers you opportunities,—great ones—of charity, of pleasure, of liberty. It is for you to decide if you will embrace them, or if you prefer to seek the protection of the Holy Church. *Tu peux faire le choix,*" he concluded, in a tone of cold and colorless authority. "*Je te le permets.*"

For some seconds she did not speak, but stood looking mutely, anxiously towards the priest, who had turned from her and was toying with the frayed edges of his sleeve.

"*Veux-tu,*" she cried at last, with a curiously clear but troubled intonation, "*que j'accepte un tel mari, moi, l'épouse promise de Dieu?*"

The Curé was silent.

"*Réponds, réponds,*" she exclaimed,

more rapidly, flinging out her arms in supplication.

"It is for you to respond," he said, without raising his eyes to hers. "*Décide-toi,*" he commanded coldly, "*Fais ton choix.*"

Her eyes were fixed upon his averted face, her answer hung upon his silence. It was persistent, and at last she said:

"It is decided for me; but no; it is I myself who decide. I am already promised." Taking her childish eyes from his motionless figure, she lifted them towards the darkening sky and seemed to be murmuring a prayer. Then for the first time turning to me, she added with a gesture so tranquil, so conclusive, that it afforded me no protest, no conceivable reply—"Le petit père le veut, le grand Père le bénira, et moi, je les aime tous les deux, et je consens."

She put out a hand, and I noticed it tremble slightly as she laid it upon Père Laurent's arm. At the touch, he looked up and scrutinized her face.

It glimmered palely in the advancing dusk, but there was nothing tremulous, nothing uncertain, there. It was composed, luminous, almost radiant, and they stood together thus in the rapidly approaching twilight. Above, the stars were beginning reluctantly to dot the fading blue, and below, the lines

Temple Bar.

of crimson were growing darker, blurred; here and there only, a rose bush taller than the rest was discernible, pencilled delicately against the failing light.

The colors were hushed, the outlines every instant becoming fainter, but the scents, as happens always towards night, were sweeter to the sense, more poignant, like speech in darkness, and the insistent odor of carnations was everywhere.

Of what use now to call it passionate, to find in it the mystical breath of love? I looked at the child and back again to the shrouded, unextinguished flowers. She had indeed no part with them; as she had said truly, "*Nous ne nous touchons pas.*"

I was in haste to leave them. Their fragrance had become too sad, too eloquent. I turned to go. But as I did so, she started forward with a detaining gesture, a murmur of recall.

"One moment, Monsieur"—I caught her hand, it was quite cold, and for a breathing space—it seemed no longer—she let it remain in mine. Suddenly a shadow crossed her face. Her lips parted, a smile replaced it, a strange, wavering, quivering little smile. "One moment," she repeated, pointing towards the house and slipping from me, "you have forgotten—the bouquet."

Charlotte M. Mew.

THE GEOLOGICAL ASPECT OF THE ANTILLES ERUPTIONS.

To push aside the past horror and future terror that throb in upon us from our fellow-men in the West Indies and to inspect these events in earth-history with the undimmed eye of science seems callous but may be useful. Prophecy and explanation are alike rash in the absence of precise details; but certain sensational and extraordi-

nary opinions, fathered by the reporters of the daily press on geologists hitherto respected, challenge us to give the broad lines of a scheme of things in which these eruptions may be placed.

The Lesser Antilles are a band of small islands curving between Puerto-rico and Trinidad, with the deep Caribbean Sea on the inner side of the curve

and the Atlantic Ocean on the outer. Were these waters dried, the band would appear as the summits of a mountain chain, sloping steeply, almost precipitously, to the west, but shelving away gently on the east, while all along the western edge a row of volcanoes in various stages of activity would indicate the existence of a crack or line of weakness in the earth's crust. The curve of this sunken mountain-chain may be followed southwestwards through the northern sierras of Venezuela to the Andes. From the lofty peaks of Alaska, through the Cascade Ranges, the Sierra Nevada, the Sierra Madre, and the coastal mountains of Central America, some have attempted to trace an axis of elevation continuous with the Andes. Whatever be the cause of the elevation, we may regard it as throwing the crust of the earth into a long fold, running approximately north and south; further, in this case the western limb of the fold dips down more steeply than the eastern limb and there is a tendency for the crest of the fold to be pushed over towards the west. If, then, there be molten rock beneath the crust (either the remnant of a former fluid interior of the earth, or due to heat or change of pressure consequent on the folding) it will be pressed up into the fold by the sinking portions of crust on the west of the axis, and may escape through cracks on that side of the fold. Hence the row of volcanoes often said to accompany the great backbone of the two Americas.

The backbone, it is true, can be traced readily enough in South America, and again, though less plainly, in North America; in Central America, however, mountains and volcanoes alike range rather from east to west than from north to south, while the continuation of the Andes is to be found, if at all, far to the east in the chain of the Antilles. This concep-

tion of the Antilles is supported by the fact that similar fire-crowned chaplets of islands characterize the margin of the Pacific, but are foreign to the Atlantic. The Caribbean Sea is, as it were, a portion of the Pacific, unlawfully barred out by the upstart volcanoes of Central America. To propound further theories in explanation of what may, after all, be a fanciful analogy would lead us too far; and yet it is not amiss to point out that this wrenched and disturbed area lies at the western end of a great curve of weakness, or line of movement, which passes across the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, and thence down the Persian Gulf to Malaysia, whence one may perhaps extend it through the volcanic islands of the Southern Pacific and the Galapagos back to the Caribbean. Assuming, then, that certain forces tended to form a north and south fold, it is not surprising to find that the result has been distorted by the forces that appear to have acted nearly at right angles to these.

To sum up: the volcanoes of the Lesser Antilles burst out along a line of weakness on the western edge of a fold of the earth's crust. This fold curves around the southern and eastern margins of the Caribbean Sea, while there are lines of weakness and movement on the western margin of the sea, some running from east to west. We may, then, suppose the portion of the earth's crust that forms the floor of the Caribbean to be somewhat shattered, especially at the edges, and to rest on a substratum which may be permanently or intermittently molten. The whole region is in an unstable condition and ready for action. What pulls the trigger? It is quite possible that the abnormal conditions of weather from which we have been suffering, and, more particularly, changes of pressure of the atmosphere, may have affected the level of some lava reservoir, and so

started a series of actions and reactions. The first sign is an earthquake on the west side of the unstable area, in Gautemala. Then four days later, a plume of "smoke" over Mont Pelée. Perhaps some minute crack has been enlarged and Caribbean waters are finding their way to the heated substratum; or perhaps there has been a relief of pressure, and the water confined in the heated rocks has flashed into steam. More water soaks through to the molten rock; violent explosions follow, which break it up and eject it in fragments so fine as to appear a gray ash "like Portland cement." This ash, descending into crater lakes, or mixed with torrents of rain, forms a stream of heated mud that rushes down the mountain side, and is followed at last by the overflowing lava. Meanwhile, disturbances of no less magnitude, though less tragic in their immediate consequences, begin in St. Vincent; northwards the volcanic activity extends to Dominica; and, though reports of disturbances in Trinidad are not confirmed, there is a strong smell of sulphur along the coast of Venezuela. But we cannot follow the whole history—alas! not yet completed. Only a few striking events may be dwelt on.

The sea was greatly disturbed, in one place receding 300 feet and then returning. Telegraphic communication was early interrupted, the cables being on the west of the islands, and it is stated that a cable laid at a depth of 300 metres was found to have sunk to a depth of 1,200 metres. Wallilaboo, on the west side of St. Vincent, partly sank beneath the sea, while the adjacent village of Richmond was raised. All these facts show that the floor of the Caribbean has been sinking as the rock underlying it has been ejected as lava or ashes. As is usual in the case

of volcanoes situated along a crack in the earth's crust, many new craters have been formed, some, however, not quite in the direct line, but slightly to the west of it.

Numerous earthquake shocks have been recorded from other countries: Portugal, Spain, Croatia, and the Caucasus, all within the transverse zone of weakness, while at Teplitz in Bohemia the hot springs have been disturbed. Similarly along the north and south fold of America, we read of the activity of Colima on the Pacific coast of Mexico, of an earthquake in North California, and of the smoking of "Mount Iona" [?] in the United States.

Although streams of lava have been mentioned, in one case only to be denied subsequently, still the bulk of the erupted matter seems to have been in the form of scorïæ and ashes. There have also been poisonous expulsions of gas, probably carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen. When, in past ages, the earth first gave way along this line, great sheets of basalt were poured out, then followed huge flows of trachytic lava, while during the last 250 years, the majority of the eruptions have been of ashes and sulphur vapors and mud. This last type of eruption characterizes the solfatara stage of a volcano's existence—a stage in which the volcanoes of the Lesser Antilles obviously are, as moreover is indicated by the frequency of the name Soufrière. This stage is held to indicate the decadence of a volcano, and though eruptions are severe in their effects when they do come, still they occur less and less often, till at last hot baths and a water-cure are the sole reminder of their former devastation.

Thus the last word of geology may be hopeful, but, unfortunately for to-day's sorrows, it is a science that thinks in æons.

MADAME HUMBERT.

If the word "great" can be justly applied to the mind and the achievements of a swindler, it is surely applicable to the mind and the achievements of Madame Humbert. To have conceived the idea of asking people to believe something so incredible as to be likely to be accepted as fact; to have managed, taking that as a guiding principle, to get into your pockets a sum of over two million pounds; to have maintained three country estates, a yacht, a magnificent town house, a box at the opera, and other extremely expensive luxuries; to have kept the deception up for twenty years simply by perceiving exactly how far the *credo quia impossibile* tendency of the average man can be worked upon,—that may surely be called a great achievement. Madame Humbert achieved it, and to understand how she achieved it the first thing to do is, if possible, to get at the known facts of the case, and then to try to see in what way the methods of this particular swindler differed from those of "common" swindlers.

Here, then, first, is the story. Madame Humbert was born rather more than fifty years ago at Toulouse. Her maiden name was Daurignac, and her mother kept a linen-shop. She married the son of a M. Humbert, who lived in the house in which the linen-shop was, and, apparently, shortly after her marriage managed—presumably with her husband's money, for her father-in-law was Minister of Justice—to buy a mansion in the Avenue de la Grande Armée and two country estates. These were, so to speak, her capital. Possessing these—having, that is, the necessary position in society—she was able to begin to work on her big idea, namely, the borrowing of money on the security of a fictitious will. This will she pro-

duced. It purported to be the last testament of one Robert Henry Crawford, an American, and in it the said Robert Henry Crawford left his property to be divided into three parts,—“one to go to Marie Daurignac” (Madame Humbert’s sister under age); “one to my nephew Henry Crawford; one to my nephew, Robert Crawford; with the provision that these persons invest in France a capital sufficient to secure to Thérèse Daurignac (Madame Humbert) “an annuity of 30,000 francs per month.” This is the first mention which appears of Robert and Henry Crawford. Shortly after producing this will, Madame Humbert showed to those with whom she was dealing another document, by which “all title-deeds and securities constituting the assets of Mr. Crawford’s estate are sequestered and placed in the charge of M. and Madame Humbert, until at Mademoiselle Daurignac’s attaining her majority all the heirs mentioned shall be able to come to an amicable agreement for an equitable transaction, or until, in default of such a transaction, the Courts shall have pronounced finally as to the rights of each.” This was the great stroke of business. Madame Humbert got a safe, and in it she said that the Crawford securities were locked up. She might not take them out of the safe, nor give them into anybody else’s hands; but there the securities were in the safe, and on the understanding that they were there she borrowed money. She borrowed altogether about two and a half million pounds, in sums ranging from a quarter of a million downwards. But to be able to do this, she saw that she must keep on driving home in the minds of the public the notion that the securities actually did exist. Therefore she conceived the idea

of having her possession of them disputed. Actions were brought against her by Robert and Henry Crawford. Nobody saw either Robert or Henry Crawford; but still, the actions were brought, and she engaged the best counsel procurable to defend her, and paid them handsomely in cash for doing so. Judgments were disputed, the litigation went on, the defendant's lawyers were always paid; everything seemed to point to the fact that Madame Humbert actually had an enormous sum of money, and on the strength of that supposed fact Madame Humbert borrowed more. Yet all the while the safe was empty; there was no will; there never had been a will, nor a millionaire named Crawford, nor disputants of the will, nor anything, indeed, save the inventive genius of Madame Humbert. This went on for twenty years.

And during those twenty years what was the impression left on the minds of the business men with whom Madame Humbert dealt? Clearly they were convinced that she was "good" for the money. At intervals she would get the men from whom she meant to borrow money to her house in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. She would take them to the safe, and tell them that she meant to do what she had never done before,—namely, to show them the actual documents left by the imaginary Mr. Crawford. She would take out of the safe an envelope and explain that the envelope being purposely made in a particular way, she was able to extract from it original documents which it would never do for Messrs. Henry and Robert Crawford to know that she could show to anybody. She would then show to her dupes packets of securities purporting to be French Three per Cents., and certificates signed by notaries vouching for the conversion of ninety-one million francs into three per cent. securities. "What more do you want?" she would

ask, and apparently they never wanted anything more. They lent her all the money she asked. That they did so is extraordinary, of course; you would think that any one lending even five hundred pounds would want better security, and more actual knowledge, than that furnished merely by a woman's word; but still, that is what happened. Occasionally, as would naturally be the case, a creditor became nervous. Then she paid him out of money borrowed from some one else; or sometimes she was successful in representing to him that with the many lawsuits pending against her she must either win everything or lose everything, and that he had better take his chance of sinking or swimming with her. Often he took his chance, believing her statements, or convinced by her arguments. At all events, she was able to live with her husband in the greatest luxury for twenty years on the security of a safe which was only opened a fortnight ago and found to contain nothing more than some comparatively valueless jewelry and a few old papers.

It was, indeed, precisely because the principle which she kept before her, and the fundamental idea on which she worked, were so extremely simple that she succeeded. She seems to have realized that people like to believe what is difficult to believe. Therefore she started by asking them to believe something enormous. If she had said to any one from whom she wished to borrow money, "I have securities worth a thousand pounds in that safe, and I want you to lend me fifty pounds," she would probably have got nothing,—at all events, she would never have borrowed a thousand pounds. But by stating that she had securities worth four million pounds she had no difficulty in getting all the money she asked for. Still, the real stroke of genius was the litigation. She saw that so long as she

alone was pointing at the safe, and stating that its contents were worth four millions, she would be suspected. She therefore contrived that two other people should point at the safe and contend that the four millions ought not to be there. Eventually she got everybody pointing at the safe, and wondering who would win the lawsuit about the undoubtedly enormous sums which it contained. Of course, she had exactly the right public upon whose imagination to work. She would not have kept up her swindle for a week in America. But on the Continent it is different. Simply because the

The Spectator.

imaginary Mr. Crawford was said to be a Yankee millionaire all the queer arrangements that he was said to have made were accepted as antecedently probable. Still, to have realized that fact is all the more to her credit *quâd* swindler. Her supreme cleverness, indeed, has been recognized perhaps more fully in the country where she has carried on her swindle than anywhere else.

She has outwitted practically every one she has come in contact with for twenty years, and for that reason, criminal and fugitive though she is, to-day she is in a sense the most popular woman in France.

THE DECLINE IN FRENCH INFLUENCE.

A few days ago "Paris in London" was opened at Earls-court with imported French entertainments and reputed French cookery. A few days hence London is to be invaded by French players, headed by two ornaments of the Paris stage, Mme. Réjane and Mme. Jane Hading, who are to be followed in due time by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Speaking at Earl's-court, the French Ambassador expressed the hope that these comparatively humble incidents might contribute, in their own way, to a more perfect understanding between the two nations; and we hope so too. But it is a little odd to reflect that—outside the region of commerce—only two channels of intimate communication between France and England now remain—the theatre and the kitchen.

For it is a regrettable fact that the old relations between English and French society—we mean that section of society which our neighbors distinguish by the curious name of *le highlif*—

have virtually ceased to exist. Lord Rosebery may still go to Paris, Lord Salisbury to Beaulieu, and the *servum pecus* of golfers to Biarritz and Pau. But that is quite another matter. The point is that the two aristocracies no longer mingle; Mayfair no longer associates with the Faubourg St. Germain or what remains of it. We do not make French marriages; the American millionaire takes good care of that. People cannot point to an Anglo-Parisian set as they can point to an Anglo-Roman set, to-day. There is no concealing the fact; social relations between the two countries which lasted almost continuously for two centuries after the Restoration have been broken up. To go back to the days when there was an English Court at St. Germain and Bolingbroke became half a Frenchman is, perhaps, needlessly to rake up old stories. We all know how they were followed by the vogue of *le grand tour*, when all sorts and conditions of Englishmen, from Chesterfield to his booby

son, from Thomas Gray to Peregrine Pickle, "kept terms" at Paris almost as though it were what Disraeli afterwards called it, the University of the World. We all know how Horace Walpole and David Hume and even Laurence Sterne became familiar figures in Paris society, and how Gibbon became a Parisian for sixty pounds a month, with two footmen in handsome liveries behind his coach and his apartment hung with damask. The historian paid a truly Gibbonian compliment to "the first names and characters of France; who distinguished me by such marks of civility and kindness as gratitude will not suffer me to forget, and modesty will not allow me to enumerate." This was in the sonorous prose of the *Memoirs*, but in one of his letters (1763) he writes quite as enthusiastically:—"We may say what we please of the frivolity of the French, but I do assure you, that in a fortnight passed at Paris I have heard more conversation worth remembering, and seen more men of letters among the people of fashion, than I had done in two or three winters in London." No wonder Mme. du Deffand told him, "*Vous méritez l'honneur d'être Français.*" Some more letters of Horace Walpole, recently published by Sir Spencer Walpole, show how the continuity of Anglo-French relations was maintained. The letters were addressed to Horace's two cousins, the Thomas Walpoles, father and son, both of whom were for a long time domiciled in Paris and were intimate with Gibbon's friends the Neckers and with the Neckers' daughter, Mme. de Stael. Then came the Emigration, to turn the flow of intercourse in the reverse direction. Did not the Emigration make Chateaubriand acquainted with a Holborn garret? Did it not marry General D'Arblay to Fanny Burney? Did it not transport the Chevalier de Blois to Blackheath,

where, as we know, that little sentimental episode happened between Mlle. Léonore (afterwards Mme. de Florac) and Master Tom (afterwards Colonel) Newcome? But quite the happiest effect of the Emigration was its conversion of Mme. de Feuillade *en secondes noces* into Mrs Henry Austen, and the consequent initiation of Henry's cousin Jane into the mysteries of private theatricals. M. de Feuillade, it will be remembered, had perished by the guillotine; and surely that engine almost stands excused when we consider that without it the world would never have possessed "Mansfield Park"!

Perhaps the relations of French and English society were at their zenith a decade or two after Waterloo, when Lord Monmouth, Coningsby's Lord Monmouth, took a splendid hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré near the English Embassy. Then Lady Monmouth was "the fashion at Paris; a great lady, greatly admired." Then her lord declared that "Paris and London ought to be the great objects of all travellers; the rest was mere landscape." And then Coningsby himself "was launched into the most brilliant circles of Parisian society, which he found fascinating." How distant all this seems! The brilliant circles of Parisian society may be as fascinating as ever, but young English "swells" are no longer launched into them. It is noteworthy, too, that the author of "Coningsby" pleaded for that commercial treaty with France which was afterwards to do so much for both countries. Disraeli remarked that the French had to dine off cold plates, because of their inferior porcelain. "Now," said he, "if we only had that treaty of commerce with France which has been so often on the point of completion, the fabrics of our unrivalled potteries, in exchange for their capital wines would be found throughout France. The dinners of both nations would be improved; the

English would gain a delightful beverage, and the French, for the first time in their lives, would dine off hot plates. An unanswerable instance of the advantages of commercial reciprocity!"

This was in the old days of Louis Philippe, but under the Second Empire French and English society continued to be at least on visiting terms. The best witness to that, beyond a doubt, is Prosper Mérimée. Indeed, Mérimée's case is of all the most typical as regards both the continuity and the intimacy of Anglo-French relations up to the disasters of 1870. For Mérimée's father, Leonor, was a friend of Holcroft, whose memoirs Hazlitt wrote, and received Hazlitt himself on his first visit to Paris. As for Prosper, he spoke English like a native and knew almost every Englishman worth knowing. It was at a dinner given by Lord Houghton that he first met George Sand (1848). He visited the Exhibition of 1851, was on the jury of the Exhibition of 1862, and in the interval had spent a part of nearly every season in London. He replied in English to a toast at the Royal Literary Fund dinner in 1858, and ate many other English dinners which, he complained, were badly cooked. He went deer stalking in the Highlands. He met Palmerston and disliked him, knew all about Lord Derby's gout and Lord John Russell's fiery temper, spent (1865) three days as the guest of Mr. Gladstone, whom he thought little of, and saw the Hyde Park riot of 1866. Two faithful Englishwomen were by his bedside when he died at Cannes. With his death the social intimacy of England and France may be said to have died too. After 1870 all was changed. There was still Mme. Mohl's salon, open to the English, as we know from the diary of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. Where is there any such salon in the Paris of to-day?

So much for the social channel; of

another, the literary, channel the story is the same. French and English men of letters no longer mix. The visits of Voltaire and Rousseau to England may be ancient history, but only half a century ago Dickens and Thackeray knew Paris, as the French would say, "like their pocket." Did not M. Taine come among us taking notes? Did not M. Paul Bourget spend a term, and, what is more, a "vac," at Oxford, and succeed in understanding that peculiarly English place more completely than any Frenchman has done before or since? Did not Matthew Arnold go and see George Sand at Nohant, and Renan come over for a Hibbert lecture, and Alfonse Daudet alight at an Albermarle-street hotel to find London the most noiseless of European capitals? All that is over and done with, like the old intercourse through the channel of art—in the days when Constable almost revolutionized French painting by exhibiting "the Hay Wain" in the Salon of 1824, or when Delacroix and Bonington came (1825) to England to make friends with Lawrence and Wilkie. We should have mentioned Mr. Whistler, had we not remembered that in Paris they call him an American painter. A certain number of our young men and maidens go to Paris studios (like the colonials mentioned by the Prince of Wales at the Academy banquet), but, as our Academy obstinately refuses to recognize their work on their return home, they can hardly be said to count in Anglo-French relations.

What are the other factors in the case? Perhaps the coats which the French clubman orders in Savile-row and the frocks which our ladies still get from the Rue de la Paix. Whether the French dandy still in reality, as in fashionable French fiction, "*se fait blanchir à Londres*," we do not know. But here we verge upon commercial questions, which we began by ruling

out. No, the fact must be faced; the direct influence of France upon ourselves is now brought to bear almost entirely through her drama and her cooks. Those two potent and agreeable forces have always been in action, at any rate within living memory. Few London playgoers perhaps can recollect the old days of Rachel or of Ravel at the St. James's, but the visits of the *Comédie Française* in 1870 and 1879 and again in 1895 are by no means forgotten. It took London in 1879 ten days to discover what had taken Paris ten years—the supreme genius of Sarah Bernhardt—and that lady has rewarded Londoners by visiting them annually (more or less) ever since. Then we have seen Réjane and Jane Hading, and are to see them again. They both say the London audience is the most charming in the world. All French actresses do—in London. We do not

The London Times.

know whether the French cooks display the same diplomatic tact, though no doubt any club committee in St. James's-street could tell us. It is to be hoped, at any rate, that they have forgiven us Thackeray's gibes at M. Mirobolant. They can afford to be generous. Did not President Loubet tell them the other day that they carried the blessings of Gallic civilization over the world? Thanks to them, Prosper Mérimée, could he return to life and London, would find our dinners much improved. After all, Mr. Worldly Wiseman may argue, why deplore the disappearance of the literary inter-communication so long as the culinary still flourishes? As one of Molière's characters says,

"Je vis de bonne soupe et non de beau langage"

—which nobody can deny.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A London publisher is to issue immediately a new edition of Mr. Ruskin's *Letters to Miss Beever "Hortus Inclusus,"* with much new material and a facsimile of the last letter written by Mr. Ruskin.

Ellen Olney Kirk is always readable, and if her latest story does not show her at her best, it will serve to while away a summer hour pleasantly. A handsome, scholarly recluse, twenty years widowed, and his pretty twin daughters play the leading parts in "*A Remedy for Love*," and the misunderstandings growing out of their three romances make an agreeable comedy, whose effects are heightened by the author's dextrous management of

scenery, costumes and accessories. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In a volume entitled "*Lee at Appomattox and Other Papers*" Mr. Charles Francis Adams collects five unrelated papers of varying length which have been delivered in whole or in part as lectures and addresses. In addition to the title paper, there is a long consideration of "*The Treaty of Washington*," and shorter addresses on "*The British Change of Heart*," "*An Undeveloped Function*" and "*A Plea for Military History*." They are solid, thoughtful and scholarly contributions to historical literature, with something of the polemic element when current questions are touched upon, but with

an absence of heat, a breadth of view and a dignity of treatment which make them noteworthy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. H. G. Wells, in one of his foot-notes in "Anticipations," deplores the absence nowadays of good controversy. It is much to be regretted, he thinks, that the laws of copyright and the methods of publication stand in the way of annotated editions of works of current controversial value. Why should it be so hopeless to suggest an edition of the "Golden Bough" with foot-notes by Mr. Lang and Mr. Fraser's replies? Mr. Mallock, again, is going to explain how science and religion stand at the present time. If only some one, Mr. Wells sighs, would explain in the margin how Mr. Mallock stands, the thing would be complete.

Count Tolstoi's latest reflections on the old question, "What is Religion?" are published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. in a volume which contains also a number of shorter articles and letters on kindred themes. Visionary, vehement and desperately in earnest, Count Tolstoi's voice is that of one crying in the wilderness, heeded by few, but carrying to those few a message of tremendous import. If the immediate results of his energetic and incessant exertions appear scanty, one must remember the strength of the ecclesiastical intolerance, political despotism and military brutality against which he has had to contend. Perhaps the agitations among students, workmen and peasants through which Russia is now passing proceed from seed of his sowing.

The younger son of an old but impoverished family returns to England after years of wandering, takes lodgings in Surrey to find quiet for literary work, and in a meditative, middle-aged

way, falls in love with his landlady, a comely widow with qualities of mind and heart quite above her station, and marries her. "Margaret Vincent," their daughter, is the heroine of a novel in which Mrs. W. K. Clifford has mixed good stuff with poor in a most exasperating fashion. The simplicity and dignity of Mrs. Vincent's nature are imagined with real insight and power, and her husband's more complex but not more unusual personality is almost equally well drawn. But Margaret fails to hold the interest as the central figure, and the lesser characters—from Vincent's spiteful, canting step-daughter to the sentimental and scheming woman who poses as his sometime fiancée—are all odious. Harper & Bros.

Doubtless the first appeal made by Mr. Adrian H. Joline's delightful "Meditations of an Autograph Collector" is to brother collectors, in whom interest will be mixed with envy as they turn these pages and realize how rich and varied must be the collection from which the author has drawn the materials. But, aside from collectors, the book will be found entertaining by all readers who are fond of odd bits of personal revelation, such as often are made in unpremeditated letters. Numerous facsimiles of letters and pages of manuscript by authors, statesmen and other celebrities afford something like personal glimpses of Mr. Joline's collection. He writes lovingly, as a collector ought to write, of his treasures, and with a range of information and a sense of humor which enhance the charm of the book. Incidentally he tells many good stories illustrative of the joys and woes of collectors, and sometimes, of the unscrupulousness with which they pursue their quest. Harper & Bros.

Apropos of the cost of producing books nowadays, a leading publisher

remarks that an important factor bearing upon the cost is the much shorter "selling life" of the modern book. Even books that have been very well received, he adds, and are supposed to have made a permanent place for themselves are quickly pushed aside by the flood of newcomers, and it is a physical impossibility for the public to keep up with the earlier ones and digest even a small proportion of the new ones. A publisher cannot depend upon a moderate, steady continued sale of any book during a series of years, and the bookseller is faced by an increasing number of books that are practically dead stock. This may be described as the reverse side of the modern "boom" system. It re-enforces the suggestion of another publisher that it would be a good thing for all concerned if there could be an absolute suspension of all publication of new books for at least six months.

Sir Wemyss Reid's biography of "William Black, Novelist" is neither a formal "Life" nor an attempt at an "appreciation;" it is rather a series of studies, estimates and reminiscences by one who knew Black well both as a journalist and as a novelist, and was thrown into such close relations with him as to be able rightly to appreciate his winning personality and his blameless life. We have here the portrait of a man who, to use the author's own words was "not only one of the first writers of his time and a true king of hearts in the realm of letters, but one of the most chivalrous of human souls, a man who looked upon the world and all things in it from a standpoint of his own, and who for many a long year seemed to those admitted to his friendship to be the very standard of manly honor, tenderness and good faith." The life-story of such a man, and of his struggles, disappointments and successes, can scarcely be read without

emotion, and to the delighted readers of William Black's stories these chapters of his history, affectionately told, will bring about a revelation of the type of man he was. Harper & Bros.

Announcing the fact that four books have already appeared upon Ping-pong, "The Academy" looks forward to the time when the literature of the subject will attain such dimensions that the literary journals will contain paragraphs after the style of the following:—

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Dr. Cell. U. Lloyd, Professor of Ping-Pong at the University of Cambridge. The deceased was a gentleman of wide attainments. His work upon "The Ethical Value of Ping-Pong" will no doubt be familiar to most of our readers.

The fifth volume of that monumental work, "The History of Ping-Pong from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," is to be issued shortly.

"Pingpongistic Jack, the Terror of the Tables," is a story of a highly sensational type, which parents would do well to keep out of the way of their children.

Messrs. Smythe, Older and Co. announce a new publication, to be entitled "The Dictionary of Ping-Pong-ers' Biography." The work will embrace the life histories of all who have in any way contributed to the study of Ping-Pong.

Messrs. Meadow and Margin announce a book of verse by Mr. R. Ackett. The volume will take its title from the first poem in the collection, "I cannot Ping the Old Pong."

It seems strange to think that so profound a subject as Ping-Pong was once regarded merely as a game, and yet such was the case as recently as 1902.

Of the fact that our fathers were blind to the inner significance of this vast subject, we are reminded this week by the appearance of Dr. D'-Rivel's long-promised work, "Ping-Pong at the birth of the Century."

THE POET'S LIMIT.

All the spells about his way,
 All the lustre of his day,
 Never yet hath poet told,
 Though he hear the clinking gold
 Of the cups of daffodils
 In the hollows of the hills,
 Though he see the hue that lies
 Where the fading purple dies
 When the spanning bow is given
 Like an archway into heaven.
 Though the mighty music sung
 By the stars in measure swung,
 Or a bird's delirious panting,
 Reach him, utter speech is wanting.
 If to him come spangled Night,
 Veiled and wanton in delight,
 Never can he tell the blisses
 Of her secret silent kisses.
 In his ear the crooning bees,
 Sucking honey on the leas,
 Hum the songs that nevermore
 Sappho sings on Lesbian shore,
 Murmur tales of vanished love
 Whispered in Sicilian grove,
 Tell the legends that the ages
 Left unheeded in their pages;
 Yet the poet, though he listen
 To the sweet elusive throng,
 When the radiant dewdrops glisten,
 When the summer light is strong,
 Till the sun in dying glory
 Eastward lays the shadows long.
 Cannot quite retell the story,
 Cannot quite recall the song.

W. R. J.

Macmillan's Magazine.

EPITAPH.

Write on my grave when I am dead,
 Whatever road I trod
 That I admired and honored
 The wondrous works of God.

That all the days and years I had,
 The longest and the least,
 Ever with grateful heart and glad
 I sat me to a feast.

That not alone for body's meat,
 Which takes the lowest place,
 I gave Him thanks when I did eat
 And with a shining face.

But for the spirit filled and fed,
 That else must waste and die,
 With sun and stars for daily bread
 And dew and evening sky.

Lap me in the green grass and say,
 Below this velvet sod
 Lies one who praised through all her
 day
 The wondrous works of God.

The beauty of the hills and seas
 Were in her drinking-cup,
 And when she went by fields and trees,
 Her eyes were lifted up.

Katharine Tynan.

THE MOURNFUL MISTS.

The mournful mists are on the hill,
 The peaks they hide, the glens they fill,
 They drive across the corries wide,
 A white impenetrable tide.
 They cloak us with a mantle chill
 And weave presentiments of ill,
 All beauties of the earth they hide,
 The mournful mists.

Comes, sobbing through the silence,
 shrill,
 The Heather-bleat's heart-broken trill—
 (Poor lonely bird that's lost his bride
 A-wailing on the mountain-side)—
 And swirling all around us still,
 The mournful mists.

B. Orr.

The Leisure Hour.

CHIMES.

Brief, on a flying night,
 From the shaken tower,
 A flock of bells take flight,
 And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales,
 Abrupt—O hark!
 A fleet of bells set sails,
 And go to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing,
 Alone, aloud
 A verse of bells takes wing
 And flies with the cloud.

Alice Meynell.